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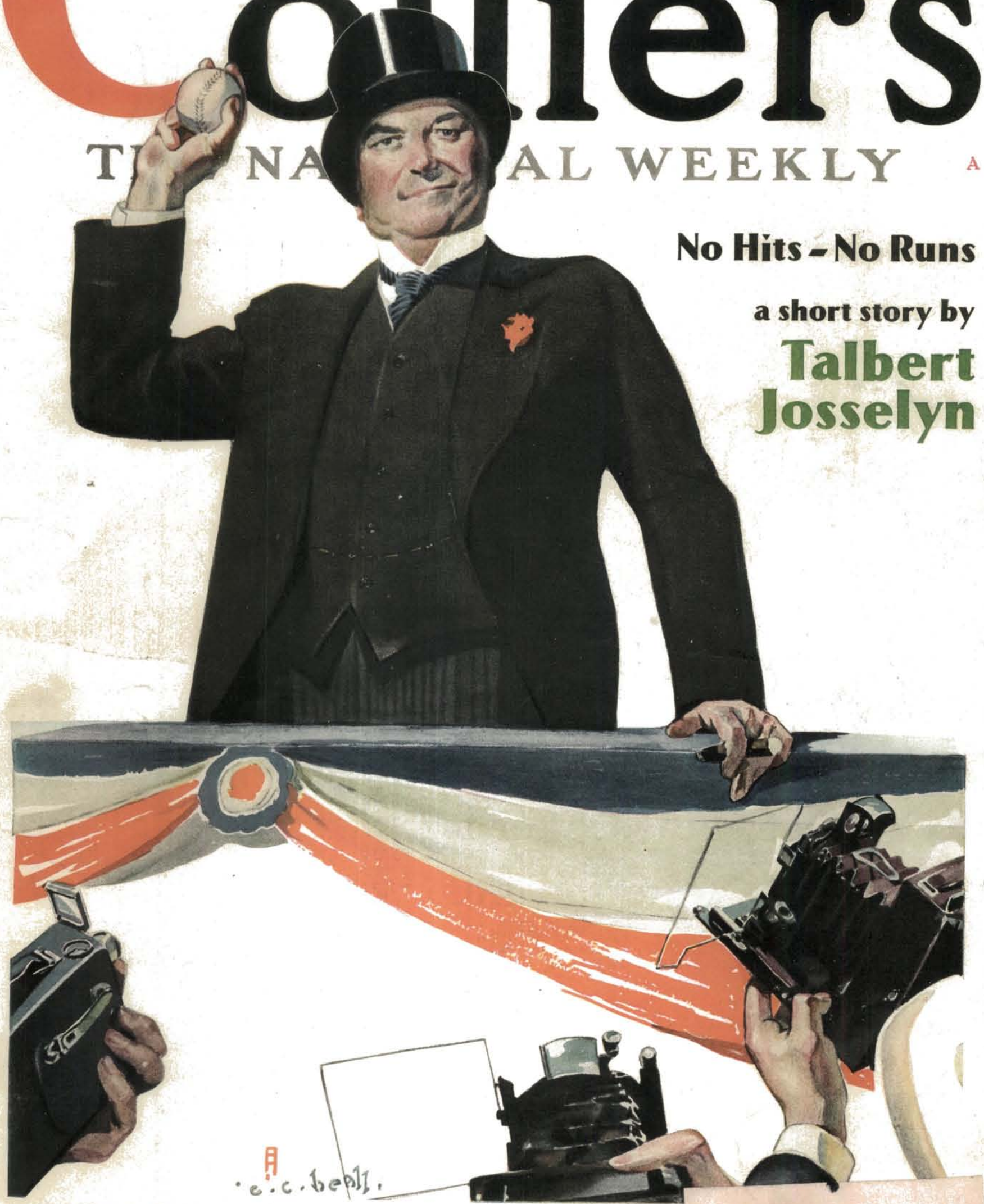
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



No Hits – No Runs

a short story by

Talbert Josselyn

Bearing Down on Short Selling - B

MARGUERITE LEA
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APRIL 16, 1932

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

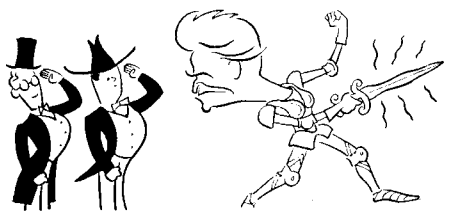
MYRIA NARDOVA, the Russian danseuse, sailed from England in the R. M. S. Taj Mahal, bound for Australia by way of the Suez Canal. She went ashore at Port Sudan to make some purchases and never rejoined the ship. Two months later she turned up in Paris.

The mystery of her disappearance was not explained, but when the devout hillmen gather high up in the Symien Mountains the tale is told of how the White Spirit of the Black Hawk appeared to mortal eyes when the moon was at its full—the teller little knowing that he speaks of a nearly flawless performance by the greatest ballerina in Europe.

Sax Rohmer tells the dramatic, exotic tale in "Spirit of the Black Hawk," a short story. And while we are about it, you are warned that the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu is at work again. Three weeks hence Sax Rohmer's latest novel, "The Mask of Fu Manchu," begins in Collier's.

—

IN 1925 there died a political colossus whose control of his state was so overwhelming that his elder son was hurled immediately into his vacant seat in the U. S. Senate and his other son was elected governor the moment he was old enough. He was "Battle Bob" LaFollette and he founded a political dynasty whose aims are still broadly idealistic but whose methods of control lack none of the ruthless precision of a Penrose. Senator Bob and earnest, boyish Governor Phil work in the huge shadow of their father and whether they will emerge from it we leave you to judge for yourself after reading Walter Davenport's story, "Fighting Blood."



WHEN the sea stories of S. B. H. Hurst appeared in this office we were pleasantly lulled by the authentic breezes and sounds which played through them. We were curious about the man and asked him to tell us about his sea life. The captain writes from Winslow, Washington:

"I was born in England, January 16, 1876, educated privately, then on H. M. S. Conway for the Navy. My father had to cut my allowance and, as an officer in the Navy could not live on his pay, I went in sail and wandered deviously. I was around Cape Horn at fifteen. Passed for second mate when seventeen. Extra master at twenty-two.

"Went to India, commissioned officer in the Royal Indian Marine during the later dacoit trouble. Navigation officer of the Shah Jehan, carrying what dacoits the Army managed to catch down from Rangoon to the British penal colony in the Bay of Bengal. I have only for short intervals been out of sight of the sea in all my life."

Very good, Captain. A favoring wind to you, sir, and may Collier's readers like "Song of the Sea" in the next issue as well as we do.

—

LOVE stories, politics, sport, bridge and amazing facts complete a magazine about which, unhappily, space prevents us from boasting.

THIS WEEK

April 16, 1932

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The Unguarded Queen, Part VIII: Zeta prepares for war.

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Page 16—Grantland Rice

Diamond Dust: The crack of the bat.

Page 17—In One Ear

Anecdotes from near and far.

Page 18—Louise Kennedy Mabie

In Pursuit of an Actor: Graziella chose love.

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All Set: How to dress your table.

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Keep Up with the World: Scientific panorama.

Page 54—Editorial

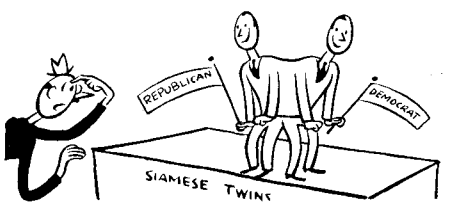
Something to Bank on.

Any Week

WE WERE rather loath to agitate this question but Mr. A. W. Fenton of Marcell, Minnesota, compels us to. Mr. Fenton, confessedly a reader of Collier's for, lo, these many years, likes us but confesses to occasional wonder that we should get along as well as we do with the editorial department we have to struggle along with. We had wondered too. Fortified by Mr. Fenton's letter, we put it up squarely to the members of our staff. Our staff looked shocked. Curiously enough, replied they, they had been thinking precisely the same thing—with a reverse twist. So we're letting the subject drop.

—

"WHAT'S worrying me," writes Mrs. Joseph A. Sullivant of Peoria, Illinois, "is how either candidate for the Presidency is going to blame the other for this latest rise in taxes inasmuch as both the Republicans and the Democrats in Congress are insisting that the new tax bills are theirs and President Hoover is asking the country to behold the nice coöperation Congress is demonstrating. Why not collaborate on a ticket, Hoover for President and a nice house-broken Democrat for Vice President in these times of consolidations, mergers and elimination of lost motion?"



SIMILAR thinking is being indulged in by Dr. Einar Yost of Allentown, Pennsylvania, who pledges himself to vote for anybody who can show him what difference, if any, there is between the two parties.

—

AND Mr. Lew Silver of Portland, Oregon, thinks that what governments and governors need most is a change of scene. Ingenious Mr. Silver would fetch the entire French government machine over here for a couple of years and transfer ours to Paris for a like period. Then he'd turn them loose with orders to go ahead and govern. It would, predicts Mr. Silver with some authority, stir things up in both countries.

—

JUST as we were about to offer a large reward to anybody who would tell us a little something cheerful, such as having too much work to do to worry about politics and the like, along comes Mr. William Morar, who writes from Florida that he has been so busy lately that Collier's has accumulated unread on his library table.

"I'm hoping to go to jail or the hospital soon and thereby get a chance to read them. It would be worth it."

—

"ABOUT the only thing I get out of the various speeches by the aspirants for the Presidency," sighs Miss Lucy Dockweiler of St. Paul, Minnesota, "is that they'd like to be President. In other words, just looking for a job like the rest of us."

Well, the job's wide open.

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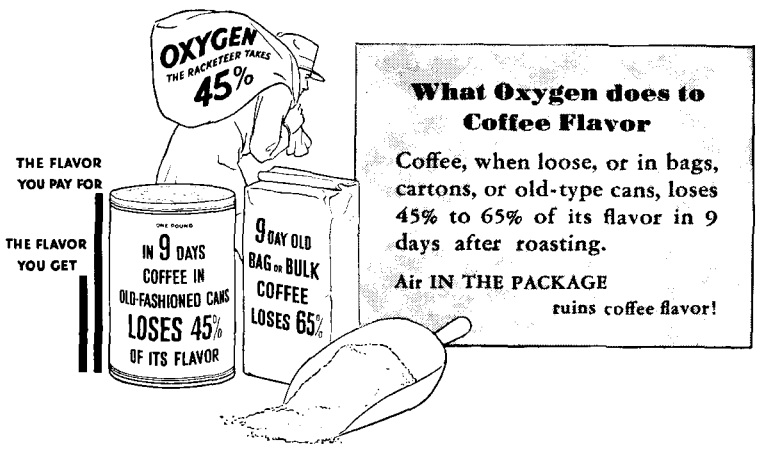
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THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR
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IN 9 DAYS COFFEE IN OLD-FASHIONED CANS LOSES 45% OF ITS FLAVOR
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What Oxygen does to Coffee Flavor
Coffee, when loose, or in bags, cartons, or old-type cans, loses 45% to 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.
Air IN THE PACKAGE ruins coffee flavor!

Remember, if there's Oxygen *in the package* it ruins coffee flavor!

Only Maxwell House is completely protected against this coffee racketeer —by the VITA-FRESH *Process*

OXYGEN, in the air, is the sole enemy of coffee flavor. It begins its attack the moment coffee leaves the roaster. So, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-fashioned cans or vacuum, remember this important question if you want the full flavor you pay for:

IS THERE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't—coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

There is only ONE coffee that contains no Oxygen. Only one coffee that reaches you with its full flavor always completely protected—because all trace of Oxygen is removed and excluded from the sealed can.

That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

A famous blend made finer by this first scientific protection

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It is the same delectable coffee as always. But now it tastes infinitely finer than ever, as it comes to you with all its delicious full flavor completely protected by the Vita-Fresh Process.

Ask your grocer for a pound of Maxwell House today. At the very first sip you will discover why Maxwell House is winning more friends than ever before.

"...so I changed to Maxwell House and you ought to hear the family praise my coffee now."
"Same here—and have you noticed the saving? It has so much flavor that I'm getting more cups from a pound."
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"Let me through!" cried the large man, deaf as though of stone, "let me through!"

A superb drama of the diamond—one of those stories that make us marvel at what men can do when they hate

No Hits - No Runs

By Talbert Josselyn

IN HIS first year in the big league, in the ninth inning of a summer afternoon, with but three more batters to face him, Andy Bowen, rookie, stood at the threshold of pitching fame.

For eight innings, backed by air-tight support, he had handcuffed the hardest-hitting team in the league—the champions; had made their famed and feared "murderers' row" of batters look like small-time pickpockets. Not one of them had reached first base.

Andy Bowen, rookie. Twenty years old, six feet tall, weighing a hundred and eighty pounds; with lean, square jaw and hazel-gray eyes; hazel-gray eyes looking out from beneath slightly lowered lids like watchdogs. . . . Watchdogs, during the past two hours of that summer afternoon, looking out upon a world made up of batters coming to the plate . . . swinging . . . swinging . . . never reaching first.

Andy Bowen. An unknown, from an unknown western prairie. Picked up the previous fall by a baseball scout. Tried out and found to have blazing speed and, of more importance, amazing control. Taken on as a regular; sent in for his first game against a medium-hitting team and holding them to three hits; sent in against sluggers and setting them down with two scratch singles; from then on taking his turn in the box, with a record of nine games won and three lost to date.

Andy Bowen, the pitching find of the year. A natural.

And now, on this summer day before packed stands, in the sweeping tide of youth and power, Andy Bowen, going toward the record which so many had sought and so few had gained: no hits, no runs, nobody reaching first base.

SO HE stood on the mound at the beginning of the ninth inning, tall and hard and fine-trained, his head drawn in a little, his long arms for the moment hanging by his sides. Long, whip-like arms; the arms that gave him his power and speed. From boyhood he had had this speed, pitching a ball whenever he could, stealing the moments from the heavy farm work, dreaming dreams. On the walls of the harness-room of the barn were photographs, cut from the newspapers, of men in baseball uniforms, and of these the ones that warmed his heart the most were the mighty men that did the hurling; the pitchers, the enthroned heroes in that far-away time when every boy wanted to be a ball player—a pitcher.

Dreams come true. Country ball player, semi-pro, bush leaguer—big leaguer. On this day, standing on the mound in the big-league park, eight innings behind him, one inning to go and, beyond that inning, his record. And the packed stands, slow to realize through the early innings that here was the making of a perfect game—viewing it first as merely fine shut-out ball—now sensing the drama piling up as the innings sped . . . fifth . . . sixth . . . seventh . . . eighth, and no one reaching first—sensational pitching, sensational fielding—voiced tumultuous acclaim.

If Andy Bowen heard or saw, he gave no sign, standing there on the mound, ball in hand, cap pulled low over eyes that glinted at the batter advancing to the plate. Thus he stood for a moment sizing up the batter, getting the catcher's signal. Then he turned and with swift sweep took in his infield, his outfield, resting his eyes for a fraction of a second on each player; resting them for a fraction on each in turn—save one. On this shortstop he set a long, fixed look.

The shortstop returned it, equal in length, in fixity.

And up in the stands, one of those who are always in the know nudged his neighbor and hoarsely whispered: "Look! Look at 'em studying each other—Andy Bowen and Tim O'Keefe, the shortstop. Enemies. Have been, ever since they joined the team back in training camp. Been watching each other all day. Do every day Bowen pitches. Enemies."

IF ANYONE had asked Andy Bowen, rookie, aged twenty, and Tim O'Keefe, rookie, aged twenty-one, why they were enemies, neither could have given ready answer. Nor could those present during the first week of training camp have told clearly how it started. But all agreed that the trouble had had its birth in something trivial; that it could have been nipped in the bud—should have been—but that somehow it hadn't; and it had gone on and on, like fire underground, waiting some day to come to the surface.

If ever two men were built to have been friends, they were Andy Bowen and Tim O'Keefe; Andy big and slow-spoken and quiet, Tim small and quick-tongued and bubbling. By nature, theirs should have been the friendship of the large dog and the small, the Newfoundland and the terrier, each supplying what the other lacked. But whoever it is that watches over such things saw it differently and, as it is said that by the merest breath of wind the raindrop falling on the crest of a continental mountain range finds its way into one ocean when it might have found its

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way into another, so the lives of these two men found themselves in the waters of bitterness instead of sweetness.

In an era when one had to be hard and tough to stay in the game, neither of these beginners dared show the least sign of backing down. On and on went the raindrop. And the tragedy of it was that to both of them baseball was their whole existence, as much to the youth from the city streets as to the one from the open prairie.

For if Andy Bowen lived baseball day and night, so did Tim O'Keefe. If Andy was the coming pitcher, Tim was destined to be the shortstop of his time. Already in his first year he was the driving force of the team, the spearhead on attack, the front line on defense. By mid-season the flame and fire of his being had lifted a team from mediocrity to where they could be classed as pennant contenders. . . . Tim O'Keefe—and Andy Bowen.

So, on that summer afternoon at the beginning of the ninth inning, Pitcher Andy Bowen and Shortstop Tim O'Keefe stood a moment regarding each other. Then Andy turned and set himself for the pitch.

Up in the stands the talkative fan who knew it all made further gabble:

"Nobody seems to know just how it started between 'em. Game of cards, I've been told. They hardly speak to each other. . . . There's the wind-up."

The talkative one made a megaphone of his hands:

"Get him, Andy! He's a tough one even if he is way down the batting order. . . . Wow! . . . Ooh, it's a hit! Good night, there goes your record. . . . No, he's got it, he's got it. . . . Ooh, did you see O'Keefe go away over toward third and take that and . . . Out . . . Out, Mr. Umpire! . . . Yay, threw him out by an eyelash! *Did* you ever see such a play? Threw underhand while off balance. That's the way he's been playing all season. O'Keefe! Atta boy, Tim! . . . One gone."

The talkative one mopped forehead and breathed gustily, and the stands mopped and breathed with him. Then he was talking again:

"Come on, Andy! He saved you that time. Strike this next big bum out."

The talkative fan's neighbor cut in:

"Say, if that O'Keefe's such an enemy he would never have made that stop. He could have let it go. It was ticketed for a hit and—"

"THAT'S just it," the other made pronouncement. "Neither will let the other show him up. O'Keefe would have got that ball if it'd took a leg. Now watch Andy set this bum down on strikes just to show O'Keefe that . . . What'd I tell you? Struck him out! Only one left!"

The stands were in a frenzy as the batter stepped up to the plate.

"Get him, Andy, get him!"

The talkative fan leaned forward.

"There's the pitch. . . . Oh, man, there it goes, there it goes! Hit! O'Keefe can't get to that one. . . . Yes, he can—he's got it. He's . . . Oh, he . . . too hot to handle. . . . It's broke through. . . . The runner's on first. . . . Good night, record!"

And that was just what it was. . . . Good night, record.

AS THE throng jammed toward the exits a little while later, the talkative one summed up the caldron feelings of all:

"Dog-gone, what a crime! Struck out the next guy on three straight strikes. If he could only have done it to that last one, or if O'Keefe could have got over to it, or maybe if he'd have pitched a different kind of ball. . . . A one-hit game. . . . Too bad that hit had to go to O'Keefe, wasn't it, with the feelings between him and Bowen the way they are? Did you see Bowen walk right past him after the game, stopping just a second to say something? I wonder what he said?"

What Pitcher Andy Bowen said to Shortstop Tim O'Keefe was heard only by these two. Andy Bowen, rookie and twenty years old, with a perfect game in sight until the last batter, and Tim O'Keefe, rookie and twenty-one, who had tried to handle a hit that was too hot—these two, looking at each other out of youth with bitterness full and brimming over.

"From now on," said Andy Bowen, barely pausing in his stride where Tim O'Keefe stood with ready fists, "from now on, you just ain't."

"That goes double," said Tim O'Keefe.

Andy Bowen went his way across the diamond. Tim O'Keefe went his.

From that moment they never spoke. Never indicated by the slightest word or gesture that the other existed. Went about their lives, on the diamond and off, as though each, to the other, was as impalpable as air.

THERE are those who insist that the feud between Andy Bowen and Tim O'Keefe cost the team the pennant that year. There are others, equally insistent, who say that it did no such thing; that the team finished far better than expected with the material at hand; that the reason it came through as well as it did was mainly because of the ceaseless efforts of Andy Bowen and Tim O'Keefe, each playing as though there was one member short, with the extra duty devolving upon himself.

Big and strong, tough as hickory, a glutton for work, Andy Bowen pitched in regular turn, in that era of baseball when teams carried few pitchers and made them work; pitched in regular turn, pitched when it was not his turn, went in as relief man; bearing down with everything that he had, flaming the ball past the batters, tossing into the crucible of conflict all that he possessed of youth and skill and courage.

Half-pint in size, seemingly made up of steel springs and whalebone, Tim O'Keefe turned back the opposition with his defense, battered it down with his attack, eternally harried the enemy, lightning of thought and scorching of tongue.

THE following year, the team came within a whisper of winning; the next, they carried all before them. Champions. For two more years, at the pinnacle of their playing power, they beat down all contenders.

Then time had its will of them, as it has with all things. No longer champions. Second place . . . third place.

Still in the forefront of the team, leading the fight, Andy Bowen and Tim O'Keefe. Then Andy Bowen alone.

On that day when Tim O'Keefe, sliding into third, caught his spikes in the bag and broke his ankle, Andy Bowen was sitting in the dugout. As they carried Tim by to an ambulance, his eyes met those of Andy; for the first time in years the two men looked at, instead of through, each other; held that look for a moment, the little shortstop being carried by, the big pitcher leaning from the dugout. Then the little man was gone.

Andy Bowen took his regular turn on the mound the next day; pitched his usual fine game. And yet not his usual game; time and again he found himself pausing, searching his memory for something that seemed to be lacking, scowling as he discovered each time that this missing element was a voice; a vibrant, tin-can voice that until that afternoon had cut across the field day after day, season after season, mocking, derisive, full of scorn for the other team. A voice never once raising itself in encouragement to Pitcher Andy Bowen; one that always pretended there was no pitcher on the mound the

(Continued on page 48)

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"Oh, man, there it goes, there it goes! Hit! Too hot to handle . . . It's broke through"

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Thanks to a Girl in Love

Old Man Coffee has another strange adventure

By Alan LeMay

"This country can't hold me any more. And if you try to follow me, or help him follow me, you old ground owl—"

Illustrated by John Gannam

OLD MAN COFFEE turned his hat in his hands and fidgeted. "Maybe I shouldn't horn in," he stated superfluously. "But—"

He trailed off in some confusion; for the loneliness of hunting mountain lions for bounty had dried up Old Man Coffee's social graces.

Through the window of the little shack Mora Cameron's grave gray eyes stared at the mouth of a shaft perpetually murmurous with the dogged clamor of doublejack and drill. She said absently, "We're going to have to fight the water in Number Three."

There she went, thought Old Man Coffee; even now, while she was facing this thing which was almost too much for her, some part of her mind was mining still. Mora had taken over the Golden Eagle when her father had died in a cave-in of rock; and in three years had seemed to prove that she was born to a curious success. To Old Man Coffee, though, the girl looked uncommonly soft-skinned and fragile in that gaunt mining-camp environment. He had watched her grow up—known her all her life—but he could never get used to this thing of a twenty-four-year-old girl being a mining boss.

"It's Curt's black mood, I lay this to," Coffee said. "It's got so his best friends haven't dast go near him."

He had been half expecting Mora to boot him out, but he saw now that she wasn't going to. Perhaps she had the yearning of an inarticulate and mostly silent soul to talk about Curt and herself. She sat dreaming out the window, and the old lion hunter knew that she was picturing Curt Morse, strapping big, with rocky shoulders fit to step off under a five-hundred-pound pack. And Coffee was astounded to see that her face was tender. She was thinking of that big hard-rock youngster as one thinks of a child!

"That sure must have been a good old snorter of a scrap you two had," Old Man Coffee offered gingerly.

"Yes," said Mora.

"I suppose you offered to show him how to run his mine?"

Mora shot him a gray glance. "Maybe I did." She pressed her hands to her face wearily, then let them fall again.

ALL this was the natural result, Old Man Coffee supposed, of the girl running a better mine than the man. The fact that the Golden Eagle was paying out while the Morse mine was not was only partly the fault of Curt Morse's inexperience with special local conditions. But, of course, Curt could not see that.

"Seems like—" Old Man Coffee's hat, which he was still turning round and round, for a moment seemed struggling to escape—"seems like you should ought to go and see him."

A moment passed, while outside a donkey engine burst into an irregular banging. Then the girl flared up. "I'll see him in hell first!"

He had never known her to swear before, even in running her mine; but he took it calmly. "Or, anyway, write him a note," he insisted doggedly.

"Certainly I won't write him a note!"

"Well—all right." Old Man Coffee got to his feet by means of jerks and hitches. "I first figured that maybe you'd want to make a signature on Curt's bail bond; but seems like they're not fixing to grant him any bail."

Mora Cameron looked blank. "Bail? What bail?"

Old Man Coffee returned her stare. His entire visit had been spent in a state of slight bewilderment, but now he was openly astounded. Old Man Coffee had naturally assumed that Mora had the news; and for this he now cursed himself silently, but with utter savagery.

"I naturally supposed," he said humbly, "that you'd have been the first to hear!"

"If Curt's in jail," Mora said sharply, "I want to know—"

"Child," said Coffee, "why, child, they've got Curt in jail on charge of killing a man."

"Who was it?"

Old Man Coffee mumbled that he guessed it wasn't anybody that couldn't be spared. But somehow he knew she had already guessed the truth; that this had been no accidental killing, not even a fair stand-off fight, but—murder.

It was Art Dwyer, deputy sheriff, who had elected himself the victim, Old Man Coffee told her. There was no need to say who Art Dwyer was. Everybody had known the little bow-legged deputy's hatchety face and permanent grin and tenacious political ambition.

This Art Dwyer had understood that a hot difference in views was on between Curt Morse and Dib Stalker. This was true. Dib Stalker was running a mine he called the Free Strike, right close to the Morse diggings. Due to lack of water, the Free Strike and the Morse mine had to split a little flume trickle between them; and in this the two owners did not see eye to eye at all times. Lately Curt's black mood had run hard against Dib's stubbornness; and half McTarnahan had expected something to explode.

With unerring instinct for the wrong thing to do, the inspired Art Dwyer had gone busting up there to prevent a murder. And, instead, had joined right in the affair as the central figure.

"Come to cases," Mora said. She was watching him with wide, somber eyes that had gone from gray almost to black.

"Curt's own story is about all that's known," Old Man Coffee told her.

For one reason and another there were no witnesses, Dib Stalker and his foreman, Phil McGovern, in particular, having been conveniently far away. Curt claimed that it was just about dusk, and he was making some coffee, but being tired he dozed off in the shack. He was awakened by a shot. He went out. Art Dwyer's horse was stampeding down the gulch, and Art was lying three or four rods from Curt's door. A bullet had struck across the back of Art's neck, killing him instantly. The bullet had lost itself. Curt hadn't seen anybody around, and didn't have any theories. He had come down to McTarnahan at once to report.

THEY sat staring at each other until Old Man Coffee dropped his eyes. "Thin," Mora Cameron said faintly.

Old Man Coffee flipped her a startled glance. "Yes, thin," he agreed reluctantly. "I thought maybe you'd want to go down."

Her voice faltered for the first time. "Tomorrow—tomorrow, maybe. I—I couldn't go down there, now."

"Maybe a note, then?"

"I— All right."

She took a pencil and tried to write something on the back of an old blueprint. It took her a long time. Finally, with laborious effort, she got down two or three lines and handed the folded slip to the lion hunter.

Old Man Coffee brazenly unfolded that note, on the spot, and read it. All it said was: "Curt, I don't hold it against you. If there is anything I can do, let me know. MORA."

He hesitated. The note seemed to

(Continued on page 30)

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Bearing Down on Short Selling

Socially speaking, bears are unpopular. Recently that unpopularity has increased. They are accused of selling America short and practically ruining her. Here Mr. Flynn sifts those accusations and shows you just what effect the mysterious process known as "short selling" really has upon your prosperity and what is being done about it

By John T. Flynn

AT 9:15 on the morning of September 21st, last year, there filed into the governors' room of the New York Stock Exchange a solemn-visaged group of men. Outside, an air of foreboding hung over Wall Street. Three thousand miles away the British Prime Minister had, the night before, handed to waiting newspaper men at 10 Downing Street a brief statement announcing that Great Britain had "gone off the gold standard." If Santa Claus himself had fallen off the Christmas tree the shock could not have been greater. The London Stock Exchange closed its doors. Every exchange in Europe, save the Paris Bourse, had announced its closing. The news in the morning papers of New York had brought bankers and brokers and traders and speculators hurrying down to their Wall Street offices at an early hour that Monday morning.

It was in the midst of this that Richard Whitney, president of the Stock Exchange, summoned around him the governors of the Exchange. As these masters of the great security-trading market sat high above the now quiet and empty trading floor of the Exchange, they learned that the telegraph wires to brokers' offices had been kept hot with orders to sell stocks. They had to decide whether or not they would close the Exchange. Only three times in over a hundred years had this been done—once in 1873, at the opening of the Great War in 1914, and during the panicky days of October, 1929.

They had to act quickly. Already clerks and attendants and brokers were gathering for the moment when the great bell would start the wild turmoil on the floor below. The governors decided not to close the Exchange. But they announced a measure which amazed Wall Street—something which had never been done before in the long history of the great Exchange. They forbade all short selling for that day and until further notice.

The news ran around Wall Street like fire. No short selling! Here was the first blow at the hated bears, those mysterious, anonymous enemies of business recovery against which everybody had been launching curses for a year. In the newspapers the bears for many months had been the most accursed animals in our disturbing business jungle. President Hoover, when not blaming our troubles on the "world depression," had been laying them to the bears. Congressmen and senators had been sharpening their big knives for a bear hunt as soon as Congress convened.

Pessimism Goes to Work

After all, a bear is not a pleasant sort of social beast. A bear is a stock market operator who expects the worst, invests his money in that expectation and then hopes for it. He is a man who actually capitalizes pessimism and puts it to work for him. He sits around looking prayerfully for crop failures, bankruptcies, wars and rumors of wars, insect pests, cyclones and plagues. A bear is the only business man who writes all his profits in red ink. He does his swimming when the tide is going out. A business depression, in fact, is just a big bear picnic.

But after all is said, the bear merely follows the bull into the china shop. All the little pieces of shattered china lying about are the work of the bull. The bull departs immediately after the disaster. The bear lingers behind and so gets credit for all the breakage. We will come back to the bull a little later. First let us deal with the bear and his one big weapon—short selling—which the Stock Exchange suspended September 21st and kept suspended for three days.

It is not only Washington politicians who have been stalking the bear. The United States Chamber of Commerce called on the Exchange to limit short selling. A committee of the American Bankers' Association issued a solemn warning about it. As a matter of fact, for more than a year, Wall Street has been full of stories about the Big Bears—the powerful professional operators who are supposed to have been making millions by depressing the market.

Congress has been digging into the business and one Wall Street lawyer told the congressmen that about twenty former big bulls who lost millions when the market collapsed on them in 1929 are now busy recouping their losses by driving the bear ruthlessly over values.

Who Gets the Credit?

The President himself has joined the big hunt. He had the president of the Stock Exchange on the carpet and, when the Exchange a day or two later issued its ruling designed to limit short selling by limiting the lending of stocks, promptly claimed credit for that action.

Now I have been interested in this subject of short selling for several years. I have been pursuing data about it rather diligently. I have talked with brokers, traders, Stock Exchange officials and various kinds of experts.

The only conclusion I have been able to reach definitely is that there has been, up to now, little or no specific and reliable information on the subject; that nobody really knew very much about it as an economic factor and that all that we have had has been an immense amount of uninformed and unintelligent opinion.

Is short selling a good thing? Does it produce depressions? Does it intensify or deepen them? Is it causing the havoc now observed in the stock market? Does it, in fact, perform any useful functions? Can it be stopped? Or limited? What is it all about anyhow? And, to begin at the beginning, just what is short selling on the security market?

Our old friend, John Smith, runs a grocery store. Mrs. Brown rings up and orders five pounds of sugar to be delivered at her house that afternoon. Smith says, "Sure." But he knows he has no sugar. That afternoon he delivers the sugar to Mrs. Brown and collects the cash from her. She has her sugar and is out of the transaction. How did Smith manage it? Down at the next corner is another grocer. Smith went down to him and borrowed five pounds of sugar to deliver to Mrs. Brown. He tells his grocer friend he will return the loan as soon as he can get a shipment of sugar from his wholesaler. How do things stand now? Mrs. Brown has her sugar and Smith has her money and owes five pounds of sugar to his grocer neighbor. He is "short" five pounds of sugar. He buys a new barrel of sugar, pays five pounds back to his friend, and the whole transaction is closed. Smith has carried on a short sale in almost exactly the same way in which one is put through on the Stock Exchange. Has Smith done anything wrong? He sold to Mrs. Brown something which he did not own. But he knew he could obtain it; he carried out his contract to Mrs. Brown; his grocer friend was perfectly willing to lend him the sugar. It is no more sinful to borrow five pounds of sugar than to borrow five dollars.

Apply this to the Stock Exchange. Mr. X decides to engage in a short sale. He gives his broker an order to sell 100 shares of Steel and finds a buyer. Now comes the difficulty. Many people do not know that on the New York Stock Exchange you cannot sell stock for future delivery. Every transaction there must be completed the following morning. That is, the cash must be paid and the stock sold must be delivered. Mr. X has no stock. How, then, does he deliver it? His broker goes to another broker—Mr. Y, who has plenty of United States Steel stock—and borrows 100 shares, just as Smith did in the case of his sugar. Then, next day he delivers these shares to the purchaser. Mr. X is now "short" 100 shares of Steel stock. He must go into the market at some future day and buy 100 shares of Steel and give the stock back to Mr. Y. All this may seem very elementary to the stock market expert; but this simple transaction should be fixed clearly in mind for the sake of what is to follow.

Why does a man sell short in the stock market? Well, Mr. X sees that United States Steel is selling, let us say, to make our illustration easy to follow, at 50. He thinks that in a week or two it will go down to 40. He therefore sells 100 shares short—for $5,000—and borrows the stock to complete the sale. In a week Steel actually does go to 40. Then Mr. X buys 100 shares for $4,000 and returns the stock he borrowed. He makes $1,000 profit on the deal.

A Dangerous Practice

The enemies who are crying for the blood of the short seller declare that this practice serves no earthly good; that it is merely a device for gamblers; that in Wall Street for the last year various powerful, adroit groups have been attacking first one stock and then another by means of short selling; that as stocks go down under this pressure, thousands of frightened investors rush into the market with their stocks; that these successive shocks have produced widespread demoralization in the stock market which has spread to other lines of business and that therefore this dangerous practice is at the bottom of our national pessimism.

As in all such controversies, there is the usual cast of characters. Foremost among the attackers is former Ambassador James W. Gerard.

According to him here is what happens in a short sale: Mr. X buys 100 shares of American Can. He pays fifty per cent cash. His broker provides the other fifty per cent on margin and holds the stock as security. But the stock belongs to X, who wants it to go up in price. Mr. Y is a short. He sells 100 shares of American Can short. To com-

Although we blame and condemn the stock-market

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plete delivery he borrows from X's broker the 100 shares belonging to X. Thus Mr. X's own stock is used against him to depress its price. Gerard has been trying to get a law passed in New York forbidding X's broker to lend that stock without X's specific consent.

When the Exchange, on February 19th, issued a rule prohibiting any broker from lending stock held by him for the long account without getting the consent in writing of the owner of the stock, this was an undoubted victory for Gerard. Whether or not it will prove effective remains to be seen. Then there is Senator Carter Glass, author of the Federal Reserve law, who has been trying to get a bill passed to impose a tax on all stock sales made within three months of the time of purchase. Senator Capper of Kansas has two bills, one forbidding short selling altogether, and another putting the practice under the control of the Federal Trade Commission. In the House, Representative La Guardia has a similar bill. Both the Judiciary Committee and the Banking and Currency Committees of the Senate and House have been digging into the practice. Even such rock-ribbed old-guard senators as Reed Smoot and Jim Watson have expressed grave doubts of the effect of short selling on business.

All these critics are well known. On the other side, the chief champion of short selling, Richard Whitney, president of the Stock Exchange, is not so well known. He is a newcomer to the spotlight. On the day following the great October market crash, when prices were tumbling, a tall, handsome, well-groomed stockbroker walked onto the Exchange floor and bid 205 for 25,000 shares of United States Steel. This was 15 above the market. That bid was made to steady the market, to check the rising tide of pessimism and to infuse a little confidence into the wilting business world. That was a neat little order—$5,125,000 worth of United States Steel shares on a falling market. I don't know whether or not the broker got that stock.

A Whitney Among Whitneys

If he did and held on to it he is out the paltry sum of something over $4,000,000 at the time this is written. In Wall Street, with its flare for labels, they promptly called him Twenty-five-Thousand-Shares Whitney. He became suddenly a public character and at the next election the Stock Exchange made him president. He stepped into the spotlight again a few weeks ago when he appeared before a Senate committee as the champion of the Exchange.

Whitney represents the highest type of Wall Street broker. He is credited with being the broker of the great firm of J. P. Morgan. He is a Whitney among the Whitneys—his father was George Whitney of Boston's Back Bay and his mother Elizabeth Whitney-Whitney, which really makes him a Whitney. He is a Harvard man and when he was at Cambridge they used his six feet one of bone and muscle in the crew. He made the four-year course in three and went with one bound from the class-room to Wall Street. He is the head of his own firm and up to the time he became president of the Exchange spent most of his time on the floor specializing in bonds rather than stocks. Since his election, however, the job of president, which is without pay, has used all his time. Also it has conferred upon him an unusual quota of woe.

The Exchange has been constantly under fire. The Exchange itself is blamed for everything which goes on in Wall Street.

Whitney has set himself to the task of making the Exchange's part in the scheme of things understood. He ordered more than a year ago an exhaustive study of short selling by the economic department of the Exchange. As a result the most complete data on the subject have been gathered together for the first time. Last May he compelled every stockbroker to furnish to the Exchange every day the short interest handled in his office. A few weeks ago Whitney gave all this information, carefully compiled, to the public. It revealed the amount of the short interest on every listed share, first for each week and later for each day from May 25th to November 30th.

Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

bears, our present plight is nothing more nor less than the headache after the crazy Bull Market spree

In Defense of Short Selling

This was a bold yet highly intelligent move. It gives to the student of short selling the first actual reliable data on the subject and enables us now for the first time to form some fairly dependable opinions of what short selling is and does. For myself I have to acknowledge that the Exchange has placed at my disposal all this material as well as such other information as I have asked for, and Mr. Whitney himself has patiently submitted to questioning on such phases as I believed to be specially within his knowledge. As a result I hope I may give here a fairly accurate picture of both sides of this hitherto mysterious and rather tangled subject. First I give the arguments in support of short selling.

The average outsider often wonders what possible good use can be made of a short sale outside of sheer speculation or gambling. Here is one: You own some stock. You are away on business or a vacation. For any one of a dozen good reasons you decide you must sell your stock. But the shares are locked in your bank box at home. You wire your broker to sell your stock "short." He will sell it and borrow the necessary shares to make delivery. When you return home you take your own shares from your bank vault and repay the stock loan he made. This happens every day in Wall Street.

Secondly, many people dismiss the whole subject with the statement that it is wrong for a man to sell something he does not own. We have had a look at the ethics of this in the case of John Smith, the grocer who sold sugar short. In fact, there is little or no difference ethically between selling stock short and buying stock on margin.

The Legal Viewpoint

In one case you sell stocks you do not own and borrow shares to complete the deal. In the other case you buy stocks and promise to pay with money you do not own, and you borrow money to complete the transaction. In short selling you do business with borrowed stock. In margin buying you do business with borrowed money. It is no more wrong to borrow stock than to borrow money. As a matter of fact, former Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes (in the case of the Board of Trade *vs.* Christie Grain and Stock Company) not only upheld the legality of short sales but defended "speculation of this kind by competent men as the self-adjustment of society to the probable."

And now, third, here is another use for short selling, quite useful and very important. Singularly it is one in which the short sale is used not for gambling but to get rid of gambling. An immense, sometimes the largest, amount of buying of stocks is done in what is called "odd-lots." The Exchange permits sales only in blocks of 100. A transaction in any number less than 100 is called an odd-lot. Suppose you want to buy five shares of American Locomotive.

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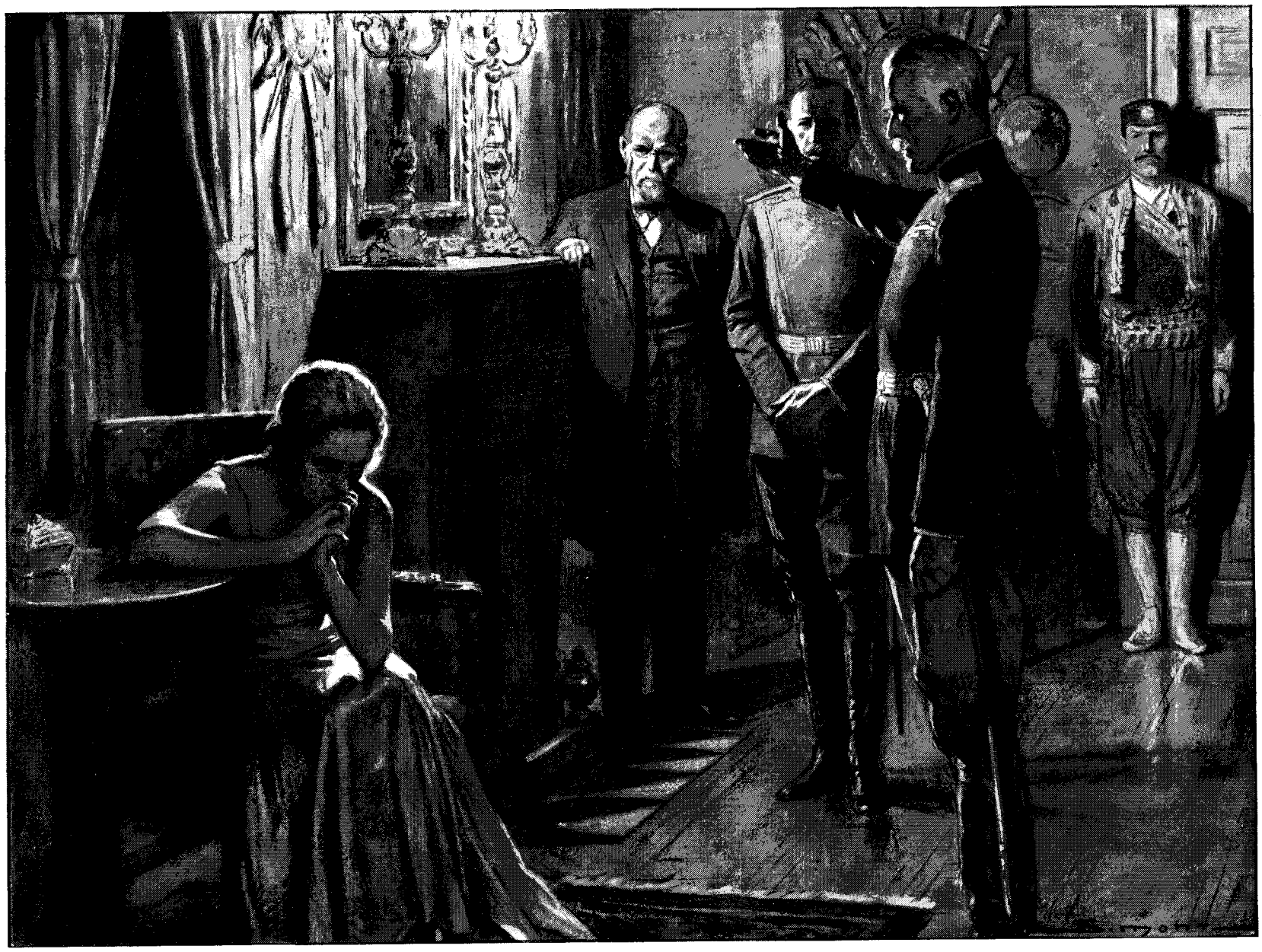

"You are his choice. If you fail us, the country will be lost"

The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

The Story Thus Far:

BROUGHT up in this country after the death of her parents, Helen Stevens, the American tennis champion, visits Illyria at the invitation of her grandfather, King Stephan Stephanovitch. Helen's father, the Crown Prince Dushan, had renounced his right to the throne to marry her mother, an American. King Stephan immediately proclaims Helen Princess Stephanie Stephanovitch, and because of failing health, plans to abdicate in her favor. He does this in order to keep Milan, present Crown Prince, and son of his second wife, from coming to the throne. Milan is a scoundrel and in league with Italians trying to take the rich Tokar oil fields from Illyria.

John Brent, who was a diplomatic attaché in Illyria, is now representing the Consolidated Petroleum Corporation of New York and is trying to secure the leases to the Tokar fields. He arrives in Zeta on the day of Helen's betrothal to Prince Marko, a distant cousin. Brent met her on the boat crossing from America to Italy and, knowing her only as a beautiful American girl, fell in love with her.

Brent immediately hunts up Sloat, another "C. P. C." official, and discovers that he has been quietly financing a revolution to make Marko king, so that Marko, in payment, will let the oil fields go for almost nothing.

That night Brent goes to a reception with General Kosovo. He sees Helen again and forces himself to be absolutely formal.

Back at the hotel he hears from the beautiful Marchesa Garadesca-Bellini—a close friend of Milan's—that there is a plot to assassinate the Princess Stephanie, Prince Marko and Brent himself. Next morning he goes to the palace to tell this to Helen. While they are discussing it a servant enters, crying that the King is dying!

VIII

THE shock of the announcement drove every other thought from Stephanie's mind. Even Brent's extraordinary disclosure no longer meant anything to her as she hurried to the suite at the other end of the palace. Two soldiers belonging to the Household Troops stood on guard outside the antechamber. General Kosovo, Major Drintyre, and Dr. Obilitch, the King's private physician, a tall man with shaggy gray hair, arose upon her entry. The faces of all showed the gravest anxiety.

"His Majesty has had another seizure," said the doctor. "I cannot conceal the fact, Your Royal Highness, that his condition is serious. Needless to say, he must have absolute quiet."

"May I see him?"

"He asked for you," replied General Kosovo. "At least that is how we interpreted it. He repeated your name and seemed to be looking for you."

"If you stay only a moment," agreed Obilitch, "it will do no harm and will perhaps give him satisfaction. You had better go in alone."

A nurse opened the door and Stephanie entered the bedchamber. Her grandfather lay upon his back in his nightgown, his huge bulk covered only by a sheet. The fingers of one hand hung over the side of the couch. Against the whiteness of the linen his skin was as black as a mummy's; his eyes were closed, his neck sunken, and his face seemed all beak. He seemed hardly to breathe. Stephanie sank on her knees.

"Grandfather!"

He gave no sign.

"Dear Grandfather!" she repeated. "It is I—Stephanie—your granddaughter." Taking his fingers she thought she detected a slight responsive pressure. "Won't you speak to me, Grandfather?"

The lips moved.

"Stephanie!" he murmured.

She bent over the bed.

"Dear Grandfather, I am here whenever you want me."

SHE went back to the other room, unable to hold back her tears.

"He recognized me. Is he going—to die?" she asked.

"The machine is worn out," replied Obilitch. "After all, although he has an iron constitution, he is a very old man. It is possible that he may make a slight recovery, but at best it is a question of days—possibly of hours."

An exclamation of dismay escaped her.

"What shall I do?" she asked Kosovo.

He took a step towards her.

"Your Royal Highness no doubt appreciates the significance of what has occurred? Should your grandfather not awake from his coma he will be unable to sign a ukase of abdication in place of the one which has been stolen. It is plain that the King can no longer rule, yet for us to ask the Council of Nobles to appoint a regent would play directly into Milan's hands. Until we have fully decided what steps to take, we must prevent the King's condition from becoming known. Even if His Majesty should die—"

"His Majesty cannot die," interjected Drintyre, "until the succession is assured! The King's will, embodied in his ukase, must be carried out!"

Stephanie turned from one to the other.

"I do not understand. If my grandfather is unable to abdicate, Milan, as Crown Prince, will naturally succeed him."

Kosovo's face grew stern.

"Madam," said he, "so long as my name is Michael Kosovo and there is a God in Heaven, Milan shall never sit upon the throne of Illyria! You are the only person qualified to succeed your grandfather. The blood of our great hero flows in your veins." He pointed to the portrait of Stephen the Great above the fireplace, as if invoking the

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latter's approval. "You are his choice—and," he added solemnly, "you are the choice of those who have the welfare of Illyria most at heart. If you fail us, the country will be lost."

"But is not Milan the King's lawful successor?" she asked.

"Only by custom," replied Kosovo. "Your grandfather never formally designated him. He has, on the other hand, nominated you. Besides, Milan is not your grandfather's son. He is a bastard—the child of Armin Radescu, an Albanian chieftain, formerly Queen Valeria's lover, and the father of Paolo Radescu, the bandit, of whom, perhaps, you have heard. Unfortunately, our only witness has been spirited away by Milan's agents within the last few days. I am afraid that we shall never find her, if indeed she remains alive."

"Then Milan has no legal claim?"

"None whatever!" declared Kosovo. "You are the nearest in succession. The Salic law by which the male line alone can succeed to the throne has never been that of Illyria. You are the last of the elder branch of the Stephanovitches."

THEY looked at her intently, awaiting her answer. The last of the Stephanovitches. She had given Stephan her solemn promise from which he alone could release her; she had pledged herself to Marko; Brent no longer loved her. She lifted her head.

"I have no wish to be Queen. But, in view of what you say, I am willing for the sake of the country to succeed my grandfather."

"Good!" exclaimed Kosovo, nodding to Drintyre, as if relieved.

The two men saluted and went out, leaving Stephanie alone with Dr. Obilitch. Presently the latter went into Stephan's bedchamber and closed the door behind him.

Full daylight had come; the sun, now risen above the citadel, streamed through the window, turning the scimitars and sabers, the yataghans, pikes and halberds into a blazing arsenal of weapons, above which the tribal hero looked fiercely down upon her like some ancient war god. From the parade ground came a sharp command followed by the rattle of arms and the tramp of feet. The sound came nearer and nearer.

Stephanie looked out the window. A battalion of mountaineers was marching by the palace into the square. They wheeled in echelon and drew up in a double column across the piazza in front of the palace. The future had been taken out of her hands. Her life was no longer hers.

Brent watched Stephanie disappear into the corridor at the end of the drawing-room leading to the royal suite, then left the palace. Here was a complication indeed! Kosovo had told him the night before of the King's plan to abdicate in the girl's favor. If she had given her word to her grandfather and he was in fact too ill to release her from it, there would be the devil to pay.

HE WAS so tired that he was getting light-headed. There seemed to be a helmet of lead tight over his crown and about his forehead. It was less than thirty hours since he had been swimming around in that filthy oil reservoir outside Dravitzona.

He went back to the hotel, but nobody was about. Six o'clock. It would be four hours before the cable office opened. He might as well take a snooze. He set his traveling alarm clock for 9:30 and threw himself on his bed.

When the alarm went off it took him some time to get his bearings. The piazza was swarming—a perfect bedlam. There was also a double line of infantry picketed in front of the palace. He changed his clothes, thrust his automatic into his pocket and went downstairs. Sloat had already gone out. What was it he had to do? Oh, yes, the cable. He ordered some breakfast, washed it down with three or four cups of Turkish coffee and walked around the corner to the telegraph office. He found Shepard there ahead of him, along with Wicks of the Corrière di Milano, and Jasper of the Berliner Tageblatt. All were in high good humor. There was, said Shepard, every reason to believe that something was going to break.

"If they're not expecting the festivities to begin," he commented, "why should they have a whole battalion guarding the palace?"

Brent paid for his cable, took a receipt, and directed his steps towards the war office.

Uncle Michael was at his desk. Drintyre and Trinovitch stood beside him. Lazar closed the door.

"I am glad you came," said the general. "We need your advice. The King is fatally ill. He is practically unconscious. He could not sign the ukase of abdication, even if it had not been stolen."

"At the present moment Illyria has no actual ruler," added Drintyre. "The moment Stephan dies, Milan will proclaim himself King, and in case of opposition will invite Italian intervention."

"THE worst of it is," continued Kosovo, "that I can't trust more than half my staff. Of the eight officers outside, five have been trafficking with either Milan or Marko. It's an ugly situation."

"We can't trust anybody, not even Marko," said Trinovitch. "He's a slippery fellow. In spite of his betrothal to the Princess Stephanie the agitation in favor of his candidacy has been growing steadily for the last few days."

"He didn't go back to his rooms last night," commented Drintyre. "Both he and Milan are keeping out of the way. Each is evidently waiting to see how things are going to break."

"How many loyal troops have you got?"

"God knows! While the mountaineers are all devoted to Stephan, the regiments of the line are a polyglot crew recruited under the compulsory-service law from a dozen different provinces. Luckily, most of them are either on the frontier or in distant training camps."

"With half a dozen regiments you can hold Zeta against an army!" declared Brent. "The citadel is the key to the whole situation."

"That is our one hope," replied Drintyre. "Our present plan is to announce the succession of the Princess Stephanie as Queen, with Marko as royal consort, the instant the King dies."

The telephone buzzed and Kosovo took up the receiver. The muscles in his temples twitched as he listened.

"Da bome! The ball has started already!" he exclaimed, laying down the instrument again. "The First Line Regiment has mutinied at Kravnac en route to Novi Bazaar on the ground that they have not been paid. It appears that when they halted for breakfast they were met by a committee claiming to represent a so-called Workmen's and Soldiers' Council, as a result of which they refused to go farther. If they merely disband it will be better to let them go, although it will create an unfortunate precedent. We don't know where the next trouble may come."

"You had better order all the loyal regiments to Zeta at once," said Brent. "How soon can they get here?"

"Our transport system has broken down but even without a railway or motor lorries they should be here within a week."

"A week! If Stephan should die, you'd need them now."

"One regiment has arrived. Two more are on the way," said the general.

"HOW many are likely to go over to Milan?"

"It is impossible to say. As you see, one has practically done so already, although, of course, we don't know whether Milan or Marko is responsible for what has happened at Kravnac."

"From what I know, it looks more like Marko to me," said Brent as his mind flashed back to his talk with Sloat. "It strikes me you had better get rid of your disaffected officers at once. Then, if there is any likelihood of a real scrap, I should advise fortifying the public buildings around the square, so that in case the palace is attacked there will be a place of escape."

"Your suggestions are both excellent," nodded Kosovo. "They shall be carried out."

"One more thing: If the King should die before the troops get here, you will naturally want to conceal the fact of his death until they arrive. For that reason you ought to preserve the usual appearance of things in order not to excite suspicion. I would advise withdrawing the Tsernagorans from in front of the palace, and increasing the number of sentries instead."

"I agree," said Kosovo. "It is obvious that we must show no sign of timidity. We must put up as bold a front as possible. Anyhow, it's all we can do. What is to come is in the lap of the gods."

"If there is any chance of a riot, wouldn't it be wise to remove the Princess Stephanie out of danger?" Brent hazarded.

Kosovo glanced sharply at him.

"She will not leave her grandfather," he announced curtly. "She must be ready to take his place when the moment comes."

"She should be carefully guarded."

(Continued on page 46)

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

In the middle of the floor lay something that had once been Prince Marko

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Old Enough

When danger comes, what do a man's years matter—if he's stalwart and knows his job?

By Murney Mintzer

Illustrated by Donald Teague

NEEDHAM'S conviction might have sprung from anything—a shrewd calculation of the growing hazards of the periscope patrol in the German bight, a faith in the law of averages, a simple hunch. Or it may have been pure imagination, a reaction to the strain of recurring duty at this extreme tip of the Allied fleet. But he sensed coming events, smelled them perhaps, in the fresh east wind reaching the L-37 from the mud flats of Heligoland.

He had forgotten his passenger. No disquieting sense of being watched disturbed his absorption as he lounged on the submarine's small bridge sorting bits of evidence from the sea and air about him. Captain Worth was aboard merely as a passenger. Needham had accepted that assurance at its face value. If the chief of staff from London wanted to make a trip on a pigboat, that was his business. Meanwhile, after noting gratefully that the visitor seldom questioned and never interfered, Needham, and the rest of the "37's" company, had quietly settled down to work.

Yet now, when his every sense was projected into the mist beyond the boat's low bow, he became aware of the other's broad, deeply lined face at his shoulder. He sensed a sharp hostility in the set of the other's heavy body, a vivid reminder of the time, not so long past, when Worth had personified the rigid system governing his first ship.

"How old are you, Needham?" the gruff, impersonal voice asked with an air of confirming a suspicion.

"Twenty-eight, sir." Needham's eyes narrowed now and his lips pursed in a soundless whistle as a vague guess at the other's thought brought him up short. So that was it? Thinking about relieving him, were they? Get more rank in the boats. The same old song. Just because submarines didn't put on battleship dog, brandish stadimeters and mooring boards every time they got under way.

Before either could say more a quick stir among the men on deck dragged their attention back to the sea ahead. It was nothing, but it served as a warning that they were in no situation to talk over Worth's purpose on board. The little bridge relapsed into silence.

At last Needham chuckled quietly, shot a brief glance toward where Worth was a dark bulk against the gray sea, dropped to the gratings and stretched his arms above his head. His eyes still searched the east as he dropped his cigarette and absently ground it under his heel.

The boat had been waiting for that familiar signal. Instantly it quickened. Millet, the quartermaster, murmured confidentially into the voice tube at his elbow. Feet banged on deck below. Smoothly and without hurry the "37's" people disappeared. Worth stirred again, cleared his throat gruffly, then lapsed into a challenging silence.

"Steerin' from below, Captain," Millet remarked presently. "Course one one O." He detached his gyro repeater, passed it down through the hatch and clambered after it in silence.

No orders were given. None were needed. If Needham was still conscious of Worth's critical presence, it was but a fleeting, elusive impression upon the surface of his deeper absorption.

"I suppose you're going down?" Needham was too intent now to catch the tang of sarcasm beneath Worth's quiet tone.

"Yes, sir," he answered cheerfully with an impulse of gratitude. Old High Pressure might like to fight, but he knew when to keep hands off, too. "As long as it was dark we had the edge on anything that might come along. I thought we might get a shot at their destroyer patrol. But we'd better be getting down now—unless you want to stay up a bit longer?" he added innocently.

"I don't," Worth answered bluntly as he inserted himself into the hatch. "And I don't expect submarines to attack destroyers — successfully," he called back as he disappeared.

FOR a moment longer Needham lingered, staring into the surrounding mist. It was only a vague swirling of the mist that caught his eye. Yet suddenly his face lighted. When he sensed a ruffle of dirty white, then another farther back, his preoccupation fell away instantly, his whole body stiffened and came to life as the boat had come to life, under the galvanic surge of her motors.

Swiftly, yet still without hurry, he inserted himself into the hatch. As he pulled its tripping-latch his hand found a button and the boat filled with the raucous bellow of the diving alarm. In the same motion he snapped a voice tube open.

"Torpedo-room! Lentz! Stand by the tubes!

"Hold her at forty!"

Worth looked around sharply, watched Needham slide down from the conning tower to the crowded central operating compartment, a small room packed neatly with machines and men.

ABRUPTLY these two were alone in that tightly filled space. For the moment the others did not exist. No longer men, they had merged into the alert, intensely alive tissue of the boat, not individuals but a dozen sensitive, electric contacts linking the eye of the periscope, the delicately poised power of the boat and the leashed torpedoes straining in their tubes.

Now, when there was no instant to spare, the younger man saw the truth in Worth's level eyes. Coming to judge, the chief of staff had made his decision; for some reason of his own he had decided to take away his command. Needham straightened, gripped himself and thrust the vision aside.

The "37" had never fired a torpedo at an enemy. Until now even the chance of firing one had seemed remote. Yet, save for a brief exchange of glances there in the C-O-C, her people betrayed very little surprise and no excitement.

"Destroyers!" The voice of young Ensign Rathborn scarcely rose above a whisper, yet the others looked around disapprovingly. If the skipper wanted to chance a shot at the most difficult—and most dangerous—target of all, that, they conceded, was his business. They were there to make the shot good.

When he sensed a ruffle of dirty white, then another farther back, his whole body stiffened and came to life

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"Right a little—three torpedo boats—crossing our bows—they'll spot the tracks when we fire—" Needham was thinking aloud rather than reporting what he saw through the boat's single eye. His hearers accepted the information in a curiously studious silence.

"Twenty fathoms here, sir—a bit deeper to the north'ard." Baker spoke without looking up from his track sheet.

An inconspicuous red light in front of Needham.

"Number One tube ready—number Two tube ready," a flat voice reported from behind him.

"Stand by—come right a little, Millet—they're stepping out—heading almost at us."

THE "37" was no longer a ship but a single instrument, a weapon held balanced and ready in Needham's two brown fists gripping the handles of the periscope.

Yet Worth's hostility crystallized. The boat was a good weapon. He could see—and even admit—that much. But also he saw his judgment vindicated. All this action without orders, this careless assumption that no man would fail in the emergency meant but one thing: Needham was a part of the boat, even an effective part, but he was not a leader. "No," Worth's firm cheeks tightened at the thought, "Needham, the rest of 'em on these boats. . . . They're too young."

Needham swayed slightly on his wide-set feet. Fore and aft along the narrow tunnel others swayed in unison as the boat rolled, set themselves with hands raised over valves and levers like members of an orchestra awaiting the director's signal.

Worth deliberately moved closer to the door. . . . "Close the door," Needham gasped and lapsed into a spasm of coughing

"Coming on." The C. O.'s calm voice was crisp in a general hush, overlapping crowding undertones of sound, the steady pulse of their own screws, the faint whine of motors and the grind of racing propellers overhead. Lieutenant Baker reached over and held his thumb carefully over the torpedo firing button.

"Ready, One!" For a count of five no man in the boat moved as much as an eyelash.

"Fire!"

The order itself was an anticlimax.

At the quiet word only Baker's thumb moved. Far up forward Lentz and his torpedo men leaned forward, eyes intent on the gauges above the nested tubes.

"Right a little—meet her." Needham might have been talking to himself. Millet's steering wheel twirled cautiously. The periscope revolved a trifle, reversed, then paused.

"Ready, Two!" Again the slow five seconds.

"Fire!"

The drone of propellers waxed. But Needham kept his eyes glued to the eyepieces. Thirty feet overhead a two-foot gray stub slashed through spray at the apex of a dull white V of foam. For an instant after the second torpedo was fired no man moved. Then Needham's arm jerked sharply downward.

"This will be close! They see us!"

Wheels were revolving frantically even before the words were uttered. The stern lifted and the deck took a sharp slant. The boat flung herself on her beam ends, came back swiftly. Pumps strained. The hull trembled madly under the threat of the destroyer's knife bows. Then a mild thud reached their ears.

"Got 'em!" Lentz's heavy voice rang through the boat, was hushed instantly as a second thud announced the explosion of the other torpedo.

"Bottom!" Needham's brown cheeks tightened beside the periscope. The drag of a swell threw the boat far over on her port side. As she came back a ripping, tearing crash threw men headlong into banked valves and pipelines.

In sudden, utter darkness the boat seemed to roll clear over. Bulkheads, decks, stanchions, every familiar element whirled in a mad vortex around battered, dazed men.

WATER roared into the C-O-C, a solid ram coming through the conning-tower hatch, flinging men headlong with the full weight of the sea behind it. The after door clanged shut but the flood rushed unchecked into the forward battery-room. Curses, the banging of metal, the clatter of tools and the relentless rush of water momentarily buried all thought of discipline, all ingrained habit.

Yet, in that crowded instant, instinct persisted. Even while the boat was still being battered down at some unknown angle, the roar of falling water lessened. And as Captain Worth dragged his bruised body half clear of the water he heard the noise subside to a steady hissing splash.

"Give us a hand." It was Needham's voice, still low but slashing raw nerves like salt in an open cut. As the boat fought back to an even keel the voice came from the solid blackness overhead.

A flashlight winked on, disclosing Needham, Millet and Baker clinging to the ladder leading down from upper control, immersed in a thinning stream jetting from under the hatch. Jorgens, the big electrician, and three or four others splashed around the after bulkhead where the water-tight door showed above water, already securely dogged shut.

The others swarmed up around Needham, clinging to the rungs of the ladder, mounting on the shoulders of men who clung to pipes and stanchions. The hatch resisted stubbornly. Captain Worth left his place and half swam, half walked toward the ladder, his battered head ringing with the knowledge that that hatch must be closed. But Jorgens passed him, reached up and heaved mightily. The metal lid moved, clanged shut.

AFTERWARD they learned that the "37" had rolled to the surface in the wake of the collision, momentarily relieving the weight of water bearing down on the hatch. As she rolled the top of the depth gauge emerged, disclosed the pointer steadily moving across its arc. Fifty feet—sixty feet—she was going down then. And from the angle of the water along the shell they knew that most of the damage must be here amidships.

"Get that door shut, Jorgens?" Needham asked the instant the hatch was seated.

"Yes, sir. But she's took a lot of water in the for'rd battery compartment."

"Can't help that now." Needham's eyes traveled hurriedly over pale faces showing above the water level. The men clung silently wherever their first blind clutch had moored them.

"I don't see Wheelock, Captain," Millet volunteered.

"And where is Mr. Rathborn? Rathborn?"

Listening apprehensively, probing the shadowed corners with anxious eyes, they heard nothing. Then a muttered exclamation came from the far corner. A man abandoned his hold and splashed

(Continued on page 40)

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Diamond Dust

By Grantland Rice

Once more there sounds by plain and hill
The Symphony of Swat;
Once more there comes the ancient thrill
As home runs leave the lot;
Once more beneath an April sky
The leather takes its ride;
Once more we hear the battle cry
Of "Slide, you bone-head, slide!"

They're off again! where far and near
The stirred-up pulses leap;
Where dusty echoes catch the cheer
That follows flying feet;
Where Babe Ruth's mighty wallops skirt
The skyline, brought to bay;
Where Pepper Martin hits the dirt
Along the right of way!

Rouse up, ye worn and laggard souls,
To catch the new refrain,
As cataclysmic thunder rolls
From mountain peak to plain;
The Push is on from palm to pine
As over April's loam
A smoking drive sings down the line
To drive the runner home.

THAT humming, buzzing noise you will hear as April unfolds will be the old sizzling drive down the third-base line as the two big-league pennant races get under way once more in another argument.

The scenery is all set up—shining spikes—dust at the plate—the crack of the bat—the thud in the big mitt—the howl of the mob—coming stars and fading vets—sweat, dirt and sunshine. And through a six-months' booking this melodrama will carry the interest of more than twenty million people.

Baseball brings pleasure to a vast number of sports lovers who can't afford any other competitive game, so the opening of a new season is an important social and economic item.

"How many home runs will Ruth and Gehrig hit?" "What about Pepper Martin, the *beau sabreur* of the last series?" "Will Bob Grove have another dizzy year?" "Will Dizzy Dean and the Great Shires live up to their promised color?" "Will Al Simmons lead the league again?" "What about Hack Wilson under a new flag?" But more important than all of these is the old question: "Who'll come through for the next world series?"

Starting out with the National League, my vote goes to Gabby Street's St. Louis Cardinals. The Cardinals have a running start with such a star catcher as Jimmy Wilson and such high-class pitchers as Bill Hallahan, Paul Derringer, Dizzy Dean, Jess Haines and several others just about due. They will miss Old Man Burleigh Grimes, but they have more than their share of winning arms and most of these arms carry the flexibility of youth.

Add to this a strong infield, featuring Frisch and Gelbert at second and short, plus one of the best outfields in baseball, composed of Martin, Watkins, Hafey and other aids, and here is a ball club that has the pitching, the speed, the punch and the spirit. More than that, it has the reserves in case of injuries. This Cardinal club can lose the services of two or three stars and still keep rolling.

The big battle for second place should be a hand-to-hand struggle between two of the oldest and hottest rivals baseball has ever known—the New York Giants and the Chicago Cubs.

Either Giants or Cubs have their chance to overtake the winging Cardinals down the stretch, but it isn't likely. As between Giants and Cubs I believe McGraw has a slight edge. He has the stronger all-around pitching staff with Mooney, Walker, Hubbell, Fitzsimmons and others, and he has the stronger-looking infield. Last season both Giants and Cubs ran into an abnormal amount of spotty fortune. This season they have better reserves.

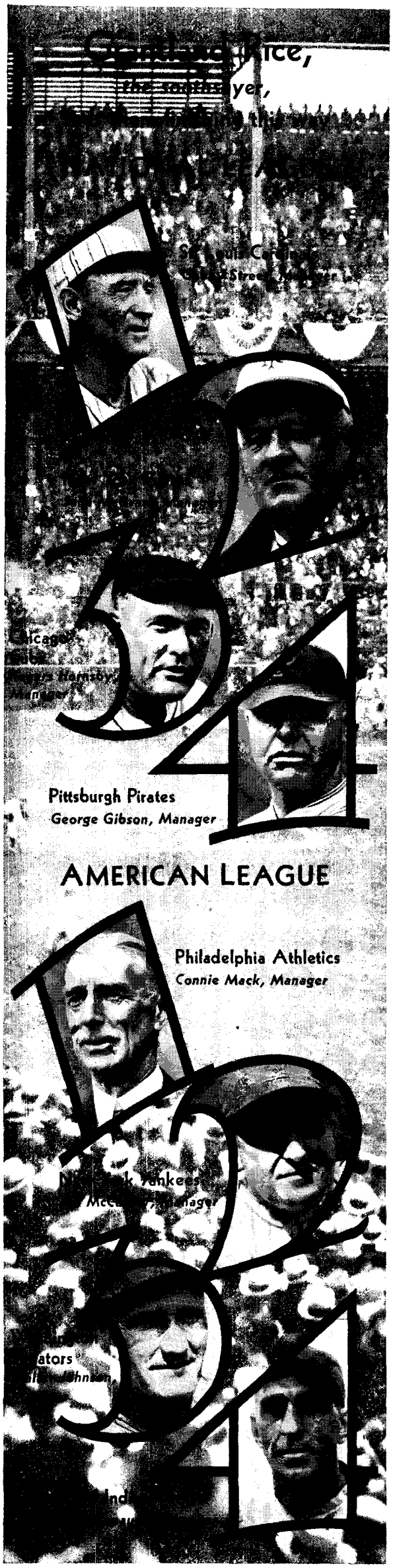
The Giant infield will be one of the best in the country if Hughey Critz can only keep his throwing arm up to a fair standard. Terry at first and Travis Jackson at short are two outstanding stars who can be counted on to rank with the best in either league at these two infield jobs. They are smart, seasoned veterans who can deliver day after day. Grimes will help out Hornsby's pitching staff and you can gamble that Hornsby will have his club out there hustling to the limit. If the Cubs can get their share of pitching they will be in the thick of the scrap to the finish.

The Fourth-Place Fight

Another big battle in this league will be that for fourth place. The Pittsburgh Pirates under Gibson, the veteran catcher, will be stronger than a year ago while Max Carey, first year out, has a harder problem to solve with the erratic Brooklyn Dodgers, who have possibilities in all given directions, up and down included. There is power in the batting punch of O'Doul, Wilson and Frederick, especially if Hack Wilson comes back to his old glory.

The battle between Pittsburgh and Brooklyn should be close, where no little will depend upon Hack Wilson's busy mace. The Hack of 1930 would make the Dodgers a militant factor.

The American League contest should be entirely different. The Athletics have dominated this circuit for three years, but some of the old steam is leaking out. Many experts pick the Yankees to regain their old control of the younger league and Joe McCarthy has a ball club capable of putting up a stiff challenge. But he still has no pitching combination up to Grove and Earnshaw, and not even the Yankee combination of Ruth and Gehrig has anything on Mack's three run-getting musketeers—Simmons, Cochrane and Foxx.



The veteran Mr. Mack knows from experience that it is hard to keep a ball club keyed up for longer than three years. But the Athletics were strong enough last season to coast in without much of a strain.

With Henry Johnson recovering from an operation for appendicitis, the Yankees will have to depend on Gomez, Pipgras, Rhodes, Ruffing and one or two others until Johnson reports for work. Gomez is a great young pitcher, but there are few staffs which can turn in the victories that Grove, Earnshaw and Walberg can offer, day after day. The Athletics are still a great ball club. The Yankees or the Washington Senators will have to improve twenty-five per cent to stop their parade.

It's Going to be Close

The roughest factor working against Connie Mack's Athletics will be the continued strain of pennant winning. Bob Grove, for example, had a season in 1931 that no pitcher can be expected to follow. He was showing the effects of the long grind in the last world series. He has only to lose a little of his blinding speed to drop back several notches, but he will still win his share of battles this spring and summer.

I figure the Athletics first, Yankees second, Senators third and the Cleveland Indians good enough for fourth in the closest race the American League has known since 1929. This figuring doesn't take into account any serious injury or illness involving such stars as Grove, Earnshaw, Simmons or Cochrane, Ruth, Gehrig or Gomez. Last season the Athletics won with many of their stars out of action most of the season. They can afford no such casualty list this season.

So here are the two first-division selections:

National League: St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh (with Brooklyn close around).

American League: Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Cleveland.

The above summary follows out the form chart as it looks in April with the show just getting under way.

The two athletes who will be most closely watched this season, at the start anyway, will be Pepper Martin and Hack Wilson. The astonishing Martin lofted himself to a place in the last world series that no young ball player had ever known before.

Hack Wilson's case is entirely different. Hack was the big gun of the 1930 battle. He hammered the ball lopsided all year. Then in 1931 he made Lucifer's drop look like a tumble from a two-foot springboard.

But the main point is this—the national rash is back again.

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In One Ear

Our staff has been traveling again—the approved way to gather anecdotes. Here are some of them

IT IS a fact that the house in Washington which was rented by Boy-Ed, representative of Germany, for social and other purposes, was secretly wired and fitted with dictographs by the Army intelligence department, long before the United States went into the war.

The department discovered, from dictograph records, that Boy-Ed was using about twenty especially beautiful, lively and intelligent young ladies of European origin to gather information in Washington. All of their conversations with and reports to their superiors in the Boy-Ed house were taken down by secret service stenographers.

One American army officer, holding a desk job in Washington, fell in love with one of these girls. He wished to marry her. Her story to him, which he fully believed, was that she lived with a very wealthy but crusty old aunt who would not permit her to receive company at her home. The intelligence department of course learned of the attentions being paid to the young woman by the army officer, through hearing her reports to Boy-Ed's men. Secret service men even shadowed the pair to restaurants and theaters. But no one took a step to tell the young army officer the truth.

Then, abruptly, Boy-Ed was caught violating American neutrality and bundled off to Germany. The little house was closed. The young women scattered.

Then we went into the war. One day the young army officer, meeting a secret service official, said to him:

"Fine job you fellows did! Why didn't you catch Boy-Ed and his gang at their tricks?"

This was too much for the secret service man.

"Say," he said grimly, "you went with a girl named Ethel So-and-So for a while, didn't you? You thought she lived with an old aunt here. Well, she didn't. She was one of Boy-Ed's female operatives. We knew all about it."

"That's a lie," said the officer, "because if that had been true I'd have been arrested."

"Yes, maybe," said the intelligence man, "but we used you for three months to give her misinformation about the Army for Boy-Ed to swallow."

The Difference

Hon. W. Atlee Pomerene, former U. S. senator from Ohio, came home to the Carlton Hotel in Washington one day during his prosecution of the Albert B. Fall case. He was lunching with some other attorneys. When he arrived at the room where the luncheon was to be held, he sprawled himself on a lounge in an attitude of weariness.

"I'm tired as I can be," said Pomerene.

"What has tired you so?" another attorney asked.

"I've been talking to the jury and the judge and other attorneys all day."

"Well," said his friend, "you used to be in the Senate; you talked a good deal there, and it didn't seem to tire you."

"Yes," said Mr. Pomerene, "but for the kind of talking I've been doing today, I have to think."

Illustrated by George Shellhase

"What has tired you so?" asked another attorney

A Ruined Game

Charley Schwab says that once on the links at his home town, Loretta, Pennsylvania, he was playing golf with a friend, Mike Brocken. This was in the early days of golf, so some railroad laborers near where they were playing were vastly intrigued. They saw Mike knock the ball into a rut and have a hard time extricating it. Then he got into a sand trap and well-nigh failed to get out.

At length he got a good shot and the ball trickled directly into the cup.

Whereupon an Irish laborer who had watched the previous difficulties said, sympathetically:

"Now, mister, yez *arre* in a helluva fix!"

Simplicity Preferred

Wilbur and Orville Wright, when they were in the public eye because of their invention, the airplane, constantly amused onlookers by the simplicity of their mechanical methods, and their scorn of needless equipment or fancy tools.

Once a reporter asked Wilbur how high Orville was flying.

Wilbur took an old broomstick, in which was cut a series of notches, picked up a short piece of board, put the two things together in angular relations of some mysterious sort, held them aloft and squinted along the broomstick at the plane. Then he said after looking at the notches, "Oh, about 450 feet." Today all armies and navies have exquisitely balanced instruments that do the same thing that Wilbur Wright's broomstick achieved.

Orville Wright to this day sticks to the old idea of getting results by the least complicated methods. He wears tortoise-shell eye-glasses for reading purposes. Whenever he buys a new pair he takes off one ear-piece.

"I found that one ear-hook was enough," he explains to questioners. "I adjust it so that it draws the bridge of the glasses snugly against my nose on the side that has no ear piece, and that's enough to hold them in place."

Maybe this idea will mean something new in eye-glasses some day.

Ominous Numerals

When Dr. Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, was about to speak last summer at Asheville before the District Rotary Convention of Western North Carolina, he was introduced by an old college mate who said:

"I know a lot about Dr. Gaines, but I will not take up the time by telling you anything except that he is the seventh son and the eleventh child of his parents."

An astonished voice from the audience said solemnly: "Gosh, I'd hate to take that guy on in a crap game!"

On Hallowed Ground

Governor Franklin Roosevelt tells of a young Navy ensign whose marks in navigation had not been all the doctor ordered and who was once set at the task of shooting the sun to determine the ship's position. The vessel was on cruise, and was somewhere west of Penzance.

After a while the ensign delivered to the captain the result of his calculations.

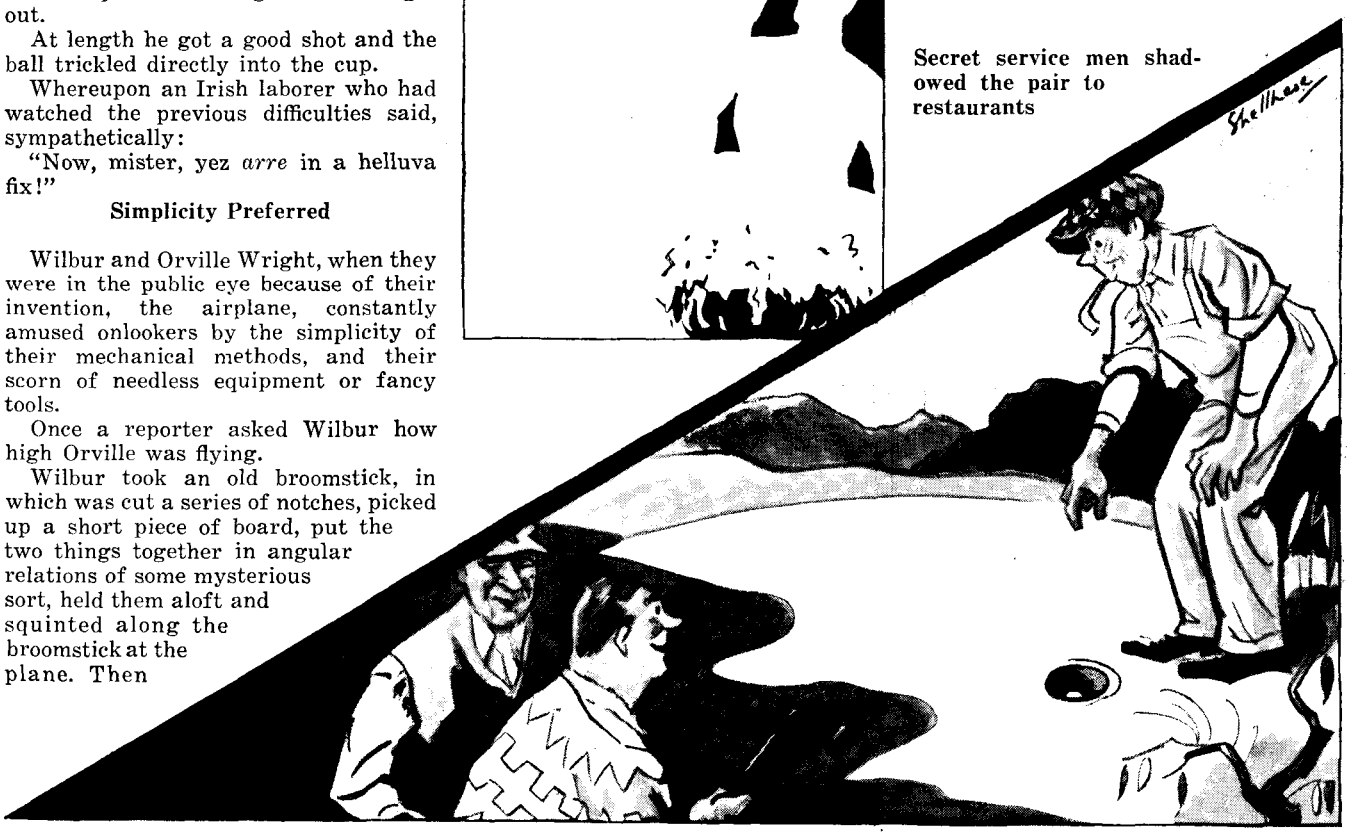
Shortly afterward, the captain sent for the ensign.

"Young man," said the officer seriously, "remove your cap. We are now upon a hallowed spot."

"Beg your pardon, Captain?"

"Yes, sir," said the captain. "If you have calculated accurately we are now right smack in the middle of Westminster Abbey."

Secret service men shadowed the pair to restaurants



"Now, mister, yez *arre* in a helluva fix!"

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In Pursuit of an Actor

The story of a girl who

"Who's the star of this production," she demanded, "the Englishman or me?"

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

EVERYTHING about her was what it ought to be but more so. Everything was intensified. Her hair was flattened down over her small head by Adele to make her look even more haggard than she was, simpler, more artful. Her hair was tinted with henna each week and dressed each day. Her fingernails were tinted freshly each day and when she had time her toenails were also. She liked to wiggle these, rosy as ten little suns, in her tub of Italian marble.

Oh, yes, it was of Italian marble and it was sunken and green, for she was a picture star and she had these things. She had to have them for publicity and she liked having them, too, or thought she did. Her name was Graziella Boone and she was open-handed and usually democratic on the lot but completely spoiled, of course. She had an eighth-grade education and a small-town past which she deeply concealed.

Her voice, at first, had been thought too husky and low by the producers and she floundered about in her carefully studied English accent until the critics cried for help, but eventually she learned to say "Na-o" in that certain way off stage as well as on. The studio press department worked early and late over her "glamour," but not early enough or late enough to satisfy her public.

"Get this on Boone, young Hickey. She's remote, and that includes everything. Shoot the works. Tweeds; a rough hat. Call it a disguise if you like. No telephones in her beach house—seven rooms—or in her Beverly Hills shack—twenty-eight rooms. You can't call her up. You get the garage. If you see a lei of gardenias around somebody's neck at the Cocoanut Grove it won't be around hers. She's remote."

"Yeah. What was that you said she was, Mack?"

"Remote."

She couldn't act but her legs were perfect, her body as slim and lovely as a sickle moon, mouth pretty good, eyebrows unreal and startling, eyes heavy-lidded, weary, circled with shadows, burned holes in a blanket. She gave everything she had to whatever she did and the fans ate her up.

CARRYING a book about with him wasn't a pose. He really read books—on steamers, in hotels, between scenes. He liked to read books. Smoking a pipe wasn't a pose either. A good briar pipe, English, of course, was the soothing influence he exactly needed. His way of looking at girls wasn't something he had thought up and worked out before a mirror. His eyes were set like that and he couldn't help it. Often he tried to help it in spite of the money it brought him in, but he couldn't help it. An Irish father and a Spanish mother and love were to blame.

He had a fine-looking head, a clean-cut profile, a tall, lean figure and the most casual kind of manner. He had come up through a "little theater" group in England to a small part with the Guild in New York and there lynx-eyed Benny Garfile, watching him manage a teacup, a cigarette, a chunk of Shaw and a girl, had nabbed him.

"Certainly not," he said at first. "I'm just an apprentice at this sort of thing. It takes years to be an actor."

"Do I ask you to be an actor?" asked Benny, spreading out his hands. "On our lot we got one actor already and we don't need him. Lookit.

"WHAT do you want outa life, Mr. Holland? Cash?"

"No."

"Publicity?"

"No."

"Success?"

"Not particularly. Success usually spoils a man."

Benny scratched his head. "Lookit," he said, "I'll give you five hundred a week to start and a rising scale if you make good and I'll put you in opposite Boone."

"A woman star?"

"Gosh, man. Ain't you heard of Graziella Boone?"

"I'm sorry."

"It's your loss. Lookit. What you want outa life, I'll give it to you."

"You can't, Mr. Garfile. What I want is to write a good play."

Benny shook hands with him. "For that you need to loaf, don't you?" beamed Benny. "A castle in Spain or maybe Sweden. Far from the maddening crowd. For castles you need money. For money you need me. We begin all over again."

They billed him as the "import from England" and their word for him was "debonair." He stuck it out for six months and then with his pipe and a book under his arm he left. He had been working with Boone through a terrible morning on the night-club sequence in Park Avenue Tramp. Their big love scene was just ahead. He happened to be standing before a mirror when she passed suddenly close behind him. In the mirror their eyes met. She seldom stopped anywhere near him, never spoke to him but she did now.

"YOU'LL do, Narcissus," she said. When they came to look for him later he was gone. Graziella was sitting limply in her camp chair marked "Miss Boone" while the extras were shuffled once more through the night-club scene. Everything had gone wrong. Everyone was hot, tired and cross. Everywhere there was the tension, the glare and heat from the lights. Graziella's eyes ached beneath her eyeshade and something inside of her ached also. She was hungry, of course—just crackers spread with mustard for her lunch—but then she was always hungry. This ache was something special, something new, higher up than her stomach and on her left side.

"Adele," she said suddenly, "I feel rotten. I want to die."

"But surely, madame," said Adele, fanning her briskly, "not before your big scene with Mr. Holland. Oh, madame, when he say, 'Damn you, you tramp' and look at you the way he look—my heart—here—" Adele clasped her left side—"he turn over and lie down."

"You think he's a comer," said Graziella. "You think he can steal my picture."

"I think he like madame ver-ry, ver-ry moch," said Adele slyly.

Graziella laughed shortly. "That's technique," she said.

"We're looking for Mr. Holland, Miss Boone," said the director, coming up. "Have you seen him?"

"Na-o," said Graziella.

"We can't seem to find either him or his car," said the director blankly, lifting a weary hand to rub his hot head. "Maybe he went for a drive."

Graziella stood up. Her gray eyes were wide open for once and looked smoky. She shook with exhaustion and heat and fury.

"And I sit here waiting like a fool," she said. "Who's the star of this production, the Englishman or me? Get Mr. Garfile."

ONCE clear of the set, Holland proceeded in his usual casual, methodical way. He packed. He dined. He took a taxi across to a quiet station out of town to board his late evening train. He was carrying his shabby kit bag up the platform when he saw the group of opulent cars and, beyond, the blinding

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didn't know what she wanted because she had too much

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

"I don't know why I should have told you this," said Holland. "Just a cheap little confession scene"

lights and the crowd. He stood still and set down his bag.

The magnificent yellow town car was undoubtedly Benny Garfile's magnificent yellow town car. It had Benny's crest on the door and Benny's old mother, wearing orchids, taking a nap within it. Drawn up beside it was a terrific, gray phaëton, long and low and rakish. Hers. Graziella Boone's.

There were other studio cars grouped about these, smaller fry than the two big fish, but all gay and noticeable. The whole group looked as if it might be all set to explode and send Mrs. Garfile up like a somnolent rocket. Just then down the platform news flashlights exploded and there were cheers from the crowd and a rush forward for autographs.

She must be going out on this train, decided Holland, improbable as this seemed in view of the four weeks' production work on Park Avenue Tramp still ahead. And if she was going out on this train it was impossible for him to do so. Three days of meeting her or not meeting her; three days of being pulled by the same engine, of eating from the same kitchen, of sleeping practically beneath the same roof. No train could comfortably hold them both and yet his ticket was in his pocket, his bridges were burned and he had never yet allowed himself to be discommoded by a woman. He couldn't decide and the train came in.

Old Mrs. Garfile woke up and was pinched on both plump cheeks by her steaming son and generally pushed about and heartened up.

"Now, Mamma— Only to Chicago this time. What shall I bring my little mamma back from Chicago? Chocolate nougats—yes—and maybe some more love birds for the apiary. Lookit, Graziella. She cries. She don't care if I'm fat."

For Graziella had come up. She wore sheer black and carried a bouquet of orchids and gardenias. Pitching the flowers to Benny and climbing into the vast yellow car, Graziella hugged old Mrs. Garfile and kissed her on the left cheek and on the right. Holland in the background, in the shadow, watched, for Boone was doing her "mother scene" and doing it rather well. A shade less calculated, less brittle and it might have rung true, but nothing about Boone rang true except her beauty and all of that didn't ring true either. Girls in panama hats fought to see her shoes. Some news-reel men roared up in a car and unloaded. She stood on the steps in a glare of floodlights to have her last-minute photographs taken. She held up a tanned, slim hand in salute and smiled her brief, bittersweet smile. "All aboard" . . . "All ab-o-ard" . . . The long train pulled out.

THE boxes of flowers and chocolates, the gold-mounted bags, the jewel-case, the hatboxes, the magazines with Graziella on the cover, the English topcoat without fur, the French topcoat with fur—necessities of life to Graziella on the transcontinental trek—had been dumped into the adjoining compartment. Adele dealt with these; Miss Raymond managed everything else and for three days Boone was wont to sit, shut into her drawing-room, sometimes smoking but more often not, playing solitaire and keeping the lines off her forehead. But tonight was different. Graziella pitched away her hat, kicked off her pumps, threw two pillows off the seats onto the floor and sent for Mr. Garfile.

"There's got to be a good reason for going to Chicago," she said when Benny came in.

"Now listen, sweetheart," said Benny, sitting down heavily and wiping his forehead, "don't get sore. I admit you got a raw deal, but can I help it?"

"Sure you can help it," said Graziella. "You can leave me home, can't you? Why must I be mobbed and sleep on a train and get a wrinkle on my forehead because your Englishman walks out on you?"

"Now listen, sweetheart, you ain't got a wrinkle on your forehead. I'm looking for it and it ain't there. And I got a big bet in this Englisher, Graziella."

"I'm not your wife or anything," said Graziella. "They're your millions, not mine."

"Millions," murmured Benny, apostrophizing the car roof. "She can talk millions! Dimes this year or maybe nickels. Graziella, wait a minute. Do you want to be paid?"

"You bet I want to be paid," said Graziella.

"Well, you don't come cheap, sweetheart. You get your fifty thousand flat a picture, don't you? Well, if the picture quits on me your fifty quits on you. I spent two hundred grand on this Tramp already, the ranch has dried up on me, I lost my shirtsleeves at Agua Caliente and now this guy with the goods, this menace, this white hope, Barrymore only better, walks out on me. The lad's an acting fool only he don't know it and if he did know it he don't care."

"Put in somebody else."

"There ain't somebody else," said Benny. "He made the picture."

"I made the picture," said Graziella, turning white.

Benny spread out his hands, rolled out his lip, shrugged. There was a silence.

"So he's better than I am," said Graziella. "Spit it out, Benny."

"I don't spit," said Benny. "What I chew I swallow."

"I'll make the picture over without him," said Graziella. "I'll work for nothing to get rid of him. I'll—I'll do anything to get rid of him. You can put in Weston opposite me. That's something. I've never before let you have Weston."

Benny rolled out his lip, wiped the back of his neck. "I can't do it over, Boone," he said. "I ain't got the dough. I'm flat." He looked across at her and she saw a moisture in his eyes. She sat looking at him.

"On the level, Benny?" she asked.

"On what level I got," said Benny.

"ALL right," said Graziella. "What do you want me to do?"

"Bring in Holland."

"How?"

"How should I know how? Listen. Has Benny ever been good to you, kid?"

"Swell," said Graziella.

"Well, Holland's aboard this train."

"But I can't stand him, Benny, and he won't look at me. I run into him everywhere but he doesn't speak."

"Wing him. You can. It might be good business to get engaged to him for a month or so. The public—"

"I was waiting for the public to come into this," said Graziella.

"All right." Benny stood up. "Throw me to the dog then. I didn't do so much for you that you got to remember it. Mamma won't starve and I still got my life insurance. Throw me to the biting dog. Ditch me."

Graziella turned away and shut her eyes. "Get out now, will you, Benny?" she said.

She couldn't find the pajamas she wanted and neither could Adele, and her small sleeping-pillow with the white silk cover had been left at home. She couldn't sleep without it. So she sat up. She folded her hands and looked patient and kept the lines off her forehead, until Adele wept, until Miss Raymond had to retire, temporarily, and take a headache tablet. It was hot in the drawing-room even with the fan going and the doors to the adjoining compartments open.

TOWARD three o'clock she decided to dress and sit on the rear platform and look at the dawn over the desert. Miss Raymond told her that she couldn't look at the dawn from the rear platform of a train heading east but she said Miss Raymond stuck too close to her facts, that she could lean out over the railing, couldn't she? "Yes," said Miss Raymond, who was tired, "and get a cinder in your eye." So when she went back through the stuffy, sleeping train she put on her dark glasses. She wore the first thing that had come to hand—a tweed skirt, a striped basque jumper and a battered, pulled-down old Scotch hat which she adored and never traveled without.

She sighed as she settled herself into

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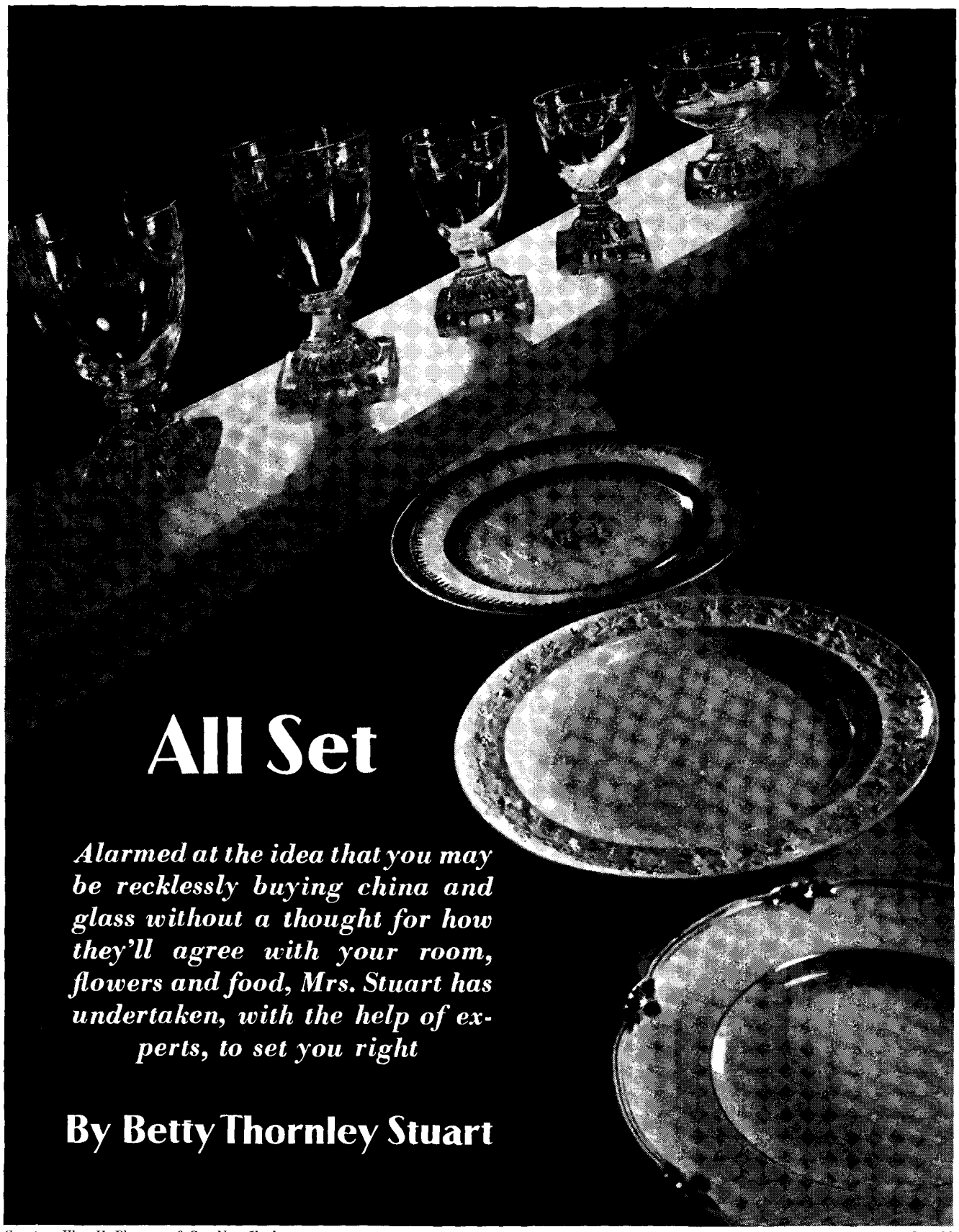

All Set

Alarmed at the idea that you may be recklessly buying china and glass without a thought for how they'll agree with your room, flowers and food, Mrs. Stuart has undertaken, with the help of experts, to set you right

By Betty Thornley Stuart

Courtesy Wm. H. Plummer & Co., New York. *Anton Bruehl*

China and glass of old design and fresh interest

MY DEAR, the very thing—let's give her service plates," and Isabel clutches her sister's arm as they're just about to pass the window. "I think half a dozen would be enough to start with, don't you? Brides never have more than six for dinner."

So they go into the shop, to be waited on by a dignified young man who shows them bright green and gold, deep blue and gold, garnet red and gold, gold and silver, gold alone. Finally they choose the green and gold—great handsome plates that cost a handsome price. Then Isabel looks at her watch.

"Heavens, we're late—but we'll get in for the feature. Well, that's one load off my mind."

Isabel and Marian are better than average when it comes to buying clothes, but they haven't shown up very well on this expedition. They wouldn't think of choosing a hat without wearing the costume to see how the top of the picture looked with the rest of it. But when the bride gets those green and gold service plates, she's going to wail. Beautiful, yes—and smart, too. But her devoted friends never thought to inquire what color the dining-room walls were to be, and they're green—of a totally different shade. Those plates will swear all the more vociferously because they'll be the most dramatic and expensive things on the table.

Consider Your Colors

This phenomenon of thinking a plate a picture hanging in the void doesn't occur solely with wedding present shoppers or in the service plate division. Isabel's own dinner plates have bright red, blue and gold in them, and they cost a young fortune. But somehow their magnificence never seems to give her flowers a chance. Marian had a brainstorm and bought black after-dinner coffee cups, but the drink that comes out of them looks like burned sugar—just as the good rich milk she gives Junior seems skimmed within an inch of its life in the blue glass tumbler left over from last year's porch set. China and glass have to be thought of for color in connection with the room, the table decorations and the food—and this, strange to say, is a new thought to more women than you'd imagine.

But, as in clothes, so in this other division of money-spending, the question of suitability comes in, too. Far be it from us to advise any poor, distraught hostess to buy "period china," tying up in cast-iron slavishness to her furniture. But there is such a thing as feeling. The late wave of colorful peasant pottery that struck us a few years ago—via the tea-rooms that took it up first and hung onto it longest—found many a perfectly good walnut dining-table carrying plates that were designed for rough and time-scarred oak. Fine china belongs of right to a fine room with fine furniture. The color of the peasant pottery may be all right, but the weight and the texture aren't—as any woman would realize at once if the table were a satin dress and the plate a pigskin purse.

Perhaps one of the troubles is that women know the terminology of clothes, but not that of tableware. You'd never catch Isabel referring to a "sweet little velvet dress" if the material were velveteen. But on the way out of the very shop in which she bought the service plates she pointed to a "darling set of china, the same identical design that Grandmother Carnarvon had." The salesman didn't correct her; they're all too accustomed to this misuse of terms. Spode's beautiful "Pink Tower" is still one of the most popular choices on the market, just as it was when the immortal Josiah Spode introduced it into England about 1790, copying the scenery from that on his own estate. But it isn't china; it's earthenware.

China or Earthenware?

When—if ever—the average woman says "earthenware," she is probably referring to a baking dish. When she says "china," she may mean porcelain—which is the correct designation for china—but she's just as likely to mean one of the lovely, creamy earthenwares on the Wedgwood or Spode order. When she says "porcelain"—which she very seldom does today—she's referring to a coarse white earthenware such as was formerly set out in cheap hotels. Yet she might just as well learn the kindergarten rule for telling porcelain and earthenware apart. If the plate she picks up and holds to a strong light is translucent and a glow comes through, she's welcome to call it china. If the plate is opaque, it may be just as beautiful and suit her needs even better—but it's earthenware.

As for the practical significance of the two terms in her own dining-room planning, she might think of china as she thinks of velvet—something formal. Earthenware, on the contrary, is informal, just like velveteen. If her own entertaining is casual and her dining-room matches it in spirit, she can use fine earthenware for any occasion. Many of the patterns are lovely and distinguished, especially those scenic, flower or fruit designs that have come down from the great eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century English potters.

The Romance of China

Earthenware is always appropriate in the country, too, and the same is true for summer in town, when all-white or ivory, and green with either, are the coolest-looking frames for food. But china, not earthenware, is for life in the grand manner, whether we do it with one servant in a little house, with ten servants in a big house, or even at tea with no servant at all in a non-housekeeping apartment.

People have written about the romance of our modern discoveries—the airplane, the radio, television. But china has a romance to its credit that stretches back to the dawn of everything we call civilization. Europe has always made earthenware, but, until the Portuguese sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, every precious bit of china came overland from the country for which it was named, running the risk of storms, wars, brigands and the eccentricities of camels. After that, it came by sail, taking chances even greater. Europe didn't know the secret of china-making, though almost as much time

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Money Madness

And the Grooming of Mr. Hurley

By Clinton W. Gilbert

SENATOR Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma has introduced into the Senate a bill that has not received sufficient public attention. It provides for the payment to the World War veterans their adjusted compensation—their bonus—in full.

To pay this large sum the bill directs that the Secretary of the Treasury shall issue bonds. These bonds are not to be sold to the public but to be delivered to the head of the Veterans' Bureau. He in turn will present them to the Federal Reserve banks, which are required to deliver to him Federal Reserve notes to the full amount of the bonds, with which he will pay to the ex-soldiers their bonus in full. It is estimated that $2,500,000,000 worth of bonds and Federal Reserve currency will be required to complete this transaction.

Senator Thomas is frank about the nature of the financing he proposes. He says that the issuing of these $2,500,000,000 of additional Federal Reserve notes will, among other things, raise the price of all commodities, reduce the purchasing power of all salaries being paid, reduce the value of all debts, enable everybody to pay his debts with cheap money and bring upon us all the blessings of inflation. And so they will.

The Thomas bill is a bill to get the country off the gold standard. If it is passed the United States will be as completely off the gold standard as China or Mexico. Mr. Thomas is going to put a stop to what Bryan called crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold.

As it is now, Federal Reserve notes are required by law to have a gold reserve behind them equal to forty per cent of their value. A forty per cent gold reserve is like the cash which a bank keeps on hand, enough to meet all ordinary demands of depositors for money. The forty per cent gold reserve is estimated to be enough to satisfy the demands of everyone who will present Federal Reserve notes and demand gold for them. We are on the gold standard so long as anyone by presenting Federal Reserve notes may obtain gold in exchange for them.

Mr. Thomas proposes that we shall issue $2,500,000,000 in Federal Reserve currency which hasn't any gold behind it. He would so dilute the whole volume of Federal Reserve currency that it would have not forty per cent but, let us say, only twenty-five or thirty per cent of gold behind it. Prices won't go up, the purchasing power of earnings will not go down, as he promises us both will do if his bill passes, unless his flood of paper money drives the country off the gold standard.

So long as paper dollars may be exchanged for gold dollars they are worth as much as the gold dollars and your salary won't shrink in your hands. If his bill becomes a law, there will be the greatest hoarding of gold in the world's history, until the government is forced to refuse to give gold for the Thomas paper and then we shall be off the gold standard.

This bill to end the gold standard is highly ingenious. It enlists the support of the millions of ex-soldiers, of whom Congress is terrified. Whenever the bill reaches the floor of the House it will pass; whenever it reaches the floor of the Senate it will also pass. Unquestionably the President will veto it and the issue as to whether we are to have a terrific money panic in the United States depends on whether Congress will pass the Thomas bill over the veto.

Thomas in the Senate is the spokesman of Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray of Oklahoma, who is arousing great excitement in the West by his Bryanite cheap-money campaign for the Presidency. Mr. Thomas is impatient to bring on the great day when the dollar will be worth only seventy-five cents, when salaries will buy only three-quarters of what they do now and when savings will shrivel overnight.

Alfalfa Bill is just as irresponsible as Thomas is. The West is being heard from when these two speak. There is a good chance that we shall have Bill Murray running for President this year on a cheap-money third ticket.

Mr. Hurley Speaks

Not all Oklahoma is of the breed of Bill Murray and Elmer Thomas. There is that delight to the eye, Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War in President Hoover's Cabinet, a smiling Celt and the handsomest man in Washington. His coat fits like the coats of the stars on the screen. His hat has a little flare to it that no one else in Washington can give to his hat. He always looks pleasing to everybody, himself not excepted.

Hurley is a rising man. He hears the whispers that the President would like a younger mate on the 1932 ticket than old Charley Curtis and one with more "it," and he buttons his splendidly fitting coat about him with confidence, gives the precise touch to his hat brim and sallies forth.

Recently he did a Charley Dawes before a Senate committee. You remember how Charley Dawes gained lasting fame by saying "Hell and Maria" to a Senate committee as one would say "boo" to a goose. A short time ago Pat Hurley stalked out of a Senate committee-room saying that he had been insulted. Nobody seemed to care very much. One more man being insulted in a Senate committee-room is a small thing in the life of Washington.

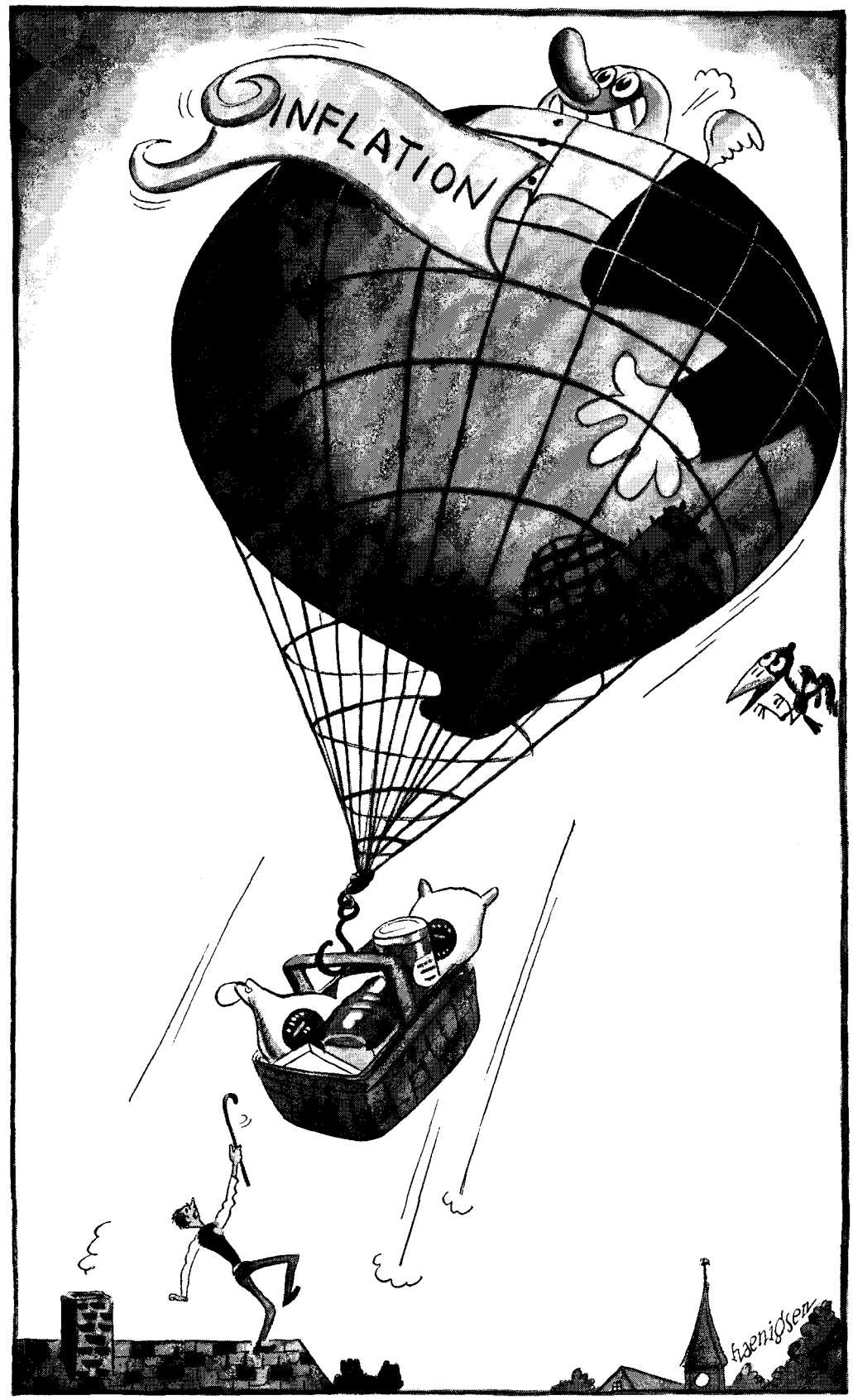
Later he came back to the Senate committee, which studiously avoided insulting him this time. It ignored his presence, let him say what he pleased, asked him no questions and left him to depart when he chose, which was very soon.

Old Charley Curtis not only lacks "it" but he is not regarded as a good campaigner. It behooves the man who is to take his place on the ticket to speak well. And the Oklahoma Adonis does speak well. He was receiving many compliments upon the charm and wit of his discourses, their Celtic lightness of touch, when a local scribe hit upon the fact that they were written by a Captain Ginsberg, an officer in the intelligence service of the Army. This fact did not detract in the least from the merit of the speeches nor from the merit of Secretary Hurley in delivering them.

Ghost writing is a great industry in Washington, one of the few that has not withered under the touch of the depression. As compared with 1913, the touchstone of all production, its output in this year of candidacy is 179 per cent. The Oklahoma Adonis does not tailor his beautiful clothes. Why should he write his beautiful speeches? No one that I know expects him to. Yet the Secretary of War was pained by the disclosure of the skeleton in his literary closet as he was by the rudeness of the Senate.

Captain Ginsberg no longer writes Mr. Hurley's speeches. The Secretary writes them himself and one is bound to say that the Celtic quality in them is as good as it was when it was provided by a man born in Russia.

I don't know whether he will make the Vice Presidency or not. He has to beat not only Charley Curtis to get it but also Mrs. Gann, who, one is credibly informed, will do the stump-speaking for the ticket if it is the same this year as in 1928. And then there is the real Charley Dawes in reserve, more available than ever.



A roof-top view of "cheap" money *Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen*

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The Gracious Lady

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

RITA CLAYBORNE'S husband, Sam Clayborne, is a brute. She longs to divorce him and marry Dean Resolve, whom she loves. She cannot do so. Sturgis Resolve, Dean's father, owes Clayborne nearly a million dollars. "Get that divorce," Clayborne threatens, "and I'll ruin the old man!"

Jinny Carpenter, Rita's dearest friend, comes to the rescue. She is loyal to Rita, but in love with Dean—secretly. And she is rich. She "invests" a million dollars in Sturgis Resolve's real estate firm! . . . The Resolves safe financially, Rita secures her divorce.

Clayborne is backing a racketeer—Swede Larkin. Among Swede's confrères is Giuseppe Martello, one of Dean's boyhood friends. Giuseppe knows of the Clayborne-Resolve situation; and he likes Dean. He warns Swede that Clayborne may make trouble when Rita returns from Reno. "He'll have to do his own dirty work," growls Swede.

Rita comes back to New York. Dean meets her at the station. They plan to be married at once. At the minister's home they learn the news: Clayborne, with a gun in his hand, has been shot to death at the station!

Under suspicion, Dean tells the police the whole truth and is released. He feels sure, now, that one of Larkin's hirelings killed Clayborne, hoping to get him out of the way and thinking Dean will be blamed. A trying situation, truly; made far more trying by Rita's amazing announcement: She wants time to think things over! . . . A few days later, she disappears.

Two weeks pass. Miserable, not knowing where Rita is, Dean escorts Jinny to a party, at a restaurant. There he receives a terrible shock: Rita—the woman he adores—his "Gracious Lady"—is there, in an adjoining room. There—*with Curry Reynolds, her lawyer!*

X

HE KNEW that he made conversation with his host, for he distinctly remembered, later on, that Orville Pennington laughed loudly and slapped him on the back. He remembered, too, that Mimi Pennington had pressed his hand and whispered her pleasure that he was present. But almost everything, even the arrival from the dressing-room of Jinny, was semi-obscured in recollection. The only exception was the fact, chilling his heart while it heated his brain, that Rita was sitting in the restaurant.

For two endless weeks he had been awaiting word from her. He had hardly left the house during that time, lest while he was gone she call him on the telephone. There had been no need to visit the offices of Resolve and Company. Yardley, the employee raised to partnership, was fully competent to handle anything that might turn up. Dean had not expected to see the inside of his place of business until after his honeymoon, and the fact that the honeymoon had been postponed in no way altered his business arrangements.

He had not gone to his clubs. He had dined quietly at home with his mother and father, slipping out with one or the other, or both of them, later, in the evening to a picture show. Save on the occasion of the luncheon at François', and two other times when he had taken Jinny out to an equally unfrequented—by people Dean knew—restaurant or speakeasy, he had also lunched at home. Life had become as routine for him as for a prisoner serving a sentence and momentarily expecting a pardon.

His jail was his parents' home, and the pardon was some word from Rita. There were no wardens save his own eagerness to hear from her, his own fears that he miss her. But these were sufficiently powerful jailers to keep him incarcerated.

Jack Colby dropped in almost daily, and endeared himself to Dean by completely ignoring his client's self-imposed imprisonment. From him, however—Dean refused to look at the papers—Dean learned that both Larkin and Martello had had the usual tremendous gang funerals, and that police activity in the Clayborne killing had ceased. There was no mystery, no occasion for anything save cheerful acceptance of the fact that the racketeers' ranks were depleted by a few more violent deaths. And if Dean felt regret that a boyhood playmate had passed tumultuously on, the regret was more of the mind than of the heart. He had seen Giuseppe but once in years, and it was hard for him to believe that Martello had sent a man to the Grand Central merely to protect the young man with whom the bootlegger had, years ago, gone swimming. Martello had seen an opportunity to wipe out Clayborne, in pursuance, doubtless, of some arrangement with Swede Larkin.

His parents had been so tactful that sometimes Dean wished they would be less correct in their attitudes.

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"I think you'd better leave me, Dean." "I think I had," he said

Perfect manners can sometimes grate almost as much as bad deportment. But he realized that his impatience with their tact was due to his own restlessness, his own misery, and he hid his feelings. They behaved like parents of a child who has been greatly bereaved, but who will come out of the fog of despair more quickly if no blaze of kindly comfort is kindled.

DEAN was unhappy. His unhappiness would not be cured by commenting on the fact, by referring to Rita's inexplicable silence. So his father stayed home from the club of afternoons, and won incredible numbers of quarters from his son at backgammon.

A prisoner; a hermit; an exile from all that was gay, all that was cheerful. That's what Dean had been for fifteen days. And now, on his first venture into the world of pleasure, he learned that Rita, whom he had visualized as suffering in solitude, was dining in New York's most public restaurant. Of course, she was with—so Pennington said—her lawyer, Curry Reynolds. But that was hardly an extenuation of her action. No business could possibly be more important than seeing her lover, the man whom she was to marry. And if it was conceivable that business did necessitate seeing Reynolds, she could have seen the attorney during the day, could have spent her first evening in New York with her lover.

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Jinny's blue eyes, as she slipped a hand through Dean's arm, were cloudy with concern.

"If—if you don't want to go in to dinner, Dean—"

He looked down at her, and read the commiseration in her face.

"And why shouldn't I?" he demanded. He realized that she knew that Rita was present. And Jinny would know what Pennington and the others could not know, that Rita had sent no word to Dean during the past fortnight. Jinny would know that Dean had suffered agony under this silence, that he would be hurt inconceivably at finding Rita here.

But what Jinny could not know was that Rita could do no wrong, that Dean's hurt but awaited the balm of Rita's explanation. For a moment, indeed, he felt anger at Jinny that she should think he sat in judgment on his Gracious Lady. Then, because he knew that genuine affection inspired her words, anger vanished.

AND now the press of Pennington's guests—there must have been at least fifty of them—crowded them into the dining-room. His eyes, drawn as inevitably as the magnetic needle to the pole, picked Rita out of the throng instantly. She was seated at a little table against the wall, on the left-hand side, and opposite her was a middle-aged man, her lawyer.

She was looking at the doorway, and her glance encountered Dean's. Even at that distance, Dean could see the crimson tide sweep over the pallor of her lovely face, and he could feel, too, the red submerge his own whiteness.

Jinny pressed his arm.

"I can find my way to my place," she whispered. "And everyone will be dancing and moving around at once. Go over and see her."

But now a sudden resentment took possession of him. Rita's blush was so vivid that he, at considerable distance, had been able to see it. She must feel guilty at her treatment of him to color so. She knew, then, that she had hurt him. She knew, then, that she had been—what was the word?—callous.

How could she treat him, who adored her, so cruelly? He wasn't going to dash over to her table. . . . Jinny, he felt, must have read his thoughts.

"Don't be a silly, Dean," she whispered. "You go right over—"

A love like his could not own resentment long. It disappeared as quickly as it had come. He let Jinny's hand slide from his arm and picked his way through the crowded tables toward his Gracious Lady.

He felt, somehow, that everyone in this room was watching him. Then he realized that, for all the diners knew, he had been seeing Rita every day of the past fifteen. He must rid himself of this terrible self-consciousness. It would communicate itself to Rita, and their meeting would be embarrassing, instead of—he suddenly was certain—delightful.

It took forever to reach her. There were little detours around serving waiters, between tables. There were hands stretched out to detain him. If any had thought that the Dean Resolve position had been in any way impaired by recent publicity, the fact that he had entered the room with Jinny Carpenter on his arm, that he was the guest of the Orville Penningtons, banished such an idea.

People who had pursed their lips when the morning papers announced the murder of Clayborne and had instantly told each other that, *of course*, Rita and Dean could never marry now, beamed upon him, and shot similar beams toward Rita. The two darlings. They'd shown such excellent taste in not appearing together during the past fortnight. Wasn't it tragic, having to postpone their marriage practically at the altar? Well, they'd probably slip off any day now. . . .

CURRY REYNOLDS arose as Dean reached the table. The two men knew each other slightly, and Reynolds nodded to a waiter to fetch a chair. But Dean shook his head.

"Thanks. I can't sit down."

Then he took Rita's hand in his and bent over it. Something electric made his blood tingle, and that the same mysterious something affected her he could not doubt. He fought for casualness of speech before Reynolds.

"It's good to see you, Rita. You'll be here a while? I can come back and have a dance?" He smiled at Curry. "You'll be generous, Reynolds?"

The lawyer smiled amiably.

"I am receiving so much more than I deserve, in being permitted to take Mrs. Clayborne to dinner, that I would be afraid to be other than generous."

"In half an hour then, Rita?"

"That will be lovely, Dean," she said.

IT WAS the first time in fifteen days that he had heard her voice, and, indefinably, her tone was changed. There was a crispness to it, an absence of the delightful liquid quality. The eyes, too, into which he looked, had an opaqueness that was different. Somehow, despite the fact that he knew she trembled at his presence, he felt alarmed. But his smile was not forced as, bowing over her hand a second time, he left the table.

Jinny, so great was the crush of Pennington's party, had barely seated herself when he arrived beside her. And if the rest of the party had followed visually his progress to and from Rita's table, their manners in no way indicated an interest out of the ordinary.

"There's an R in the month, but May approaches," said Jinny, as the oysters appeared. "I'd rather dance, Dean."

"Were it January I'd rather dance," he replied. Together they sought the floor.

They circled it once before Jinny spoke:

"Dean, you'll be glad to know—everyone is happy that Rita is here. I mean—I know what's been in your mind—and hers. But—people *love* Rita. And they despised Clayborne. They all were saying, right away, that you'd probably be married very soon, and that it was a great idea."

He beamed down upon her. That faint alarm had already left him.

"You're a peach, Jinny," he said.

"Where has she been?" Jinny ventured.

That faint alarm crept back into his heart.

"Why—I simply asked for a dance—in a little while. I—didn't say any more."

"Oh," said Jinny. The flat note of her monosyllable intensified his alarm.

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Say what?" she evaded.

"'Oh,'" he quoted her.

"There isn't much meaning to 'oh,' is there?" she laughed.

"It was the way you said it," he charged.

"I'll say it some other way," she smiled.

He frowned slightly. Not to any other person in the world would he hint at criticism of Rita; not from any other person in the world would he take even an implication of criticism of his Gracious Lady. But Jinny—was Jinny.

"I'd rather you hadn't said it at all," he told her.

"Consider it an exclamation of annoyance at the clumsy dancers on the floor," she said.

"Whereas it was really annoyance with Rita?" he asked.

"You want to quarrel with *someone*, I'm afraid, Dean," she told him.

"I'm afraid I do, Jinny," he admitted.

"But why choose me?" she asked.

"I—I'm bewildered, Jinny," he said, uncertainly.

"No more than I," she retorted.

"It's different with me. I love Rita."

"OF COURSE it's different, but—I don't see how she could do it to you, Dean. I mean—to disappear and—"

"I know," he interrupted. "But—she'll explain. And—and—I'd rather not talk about it, Jinny."

"And I'm sorry," she said quickly. "Only—but she'll explain it, and you'll be understanding. Dean, you *must* be understanding. Rita is sensitive. You wouldn't love her if she were—thick-skinned. She's been through more than any man could hope to comprehend. Always, when you're married to her, Dean, remember that she's known unhappiness, that she's suffered, and that people who have suffered learn to hide their injuries, seek solitude."

His eyes were tender as he looked down at her.

"You're a sweet kid, Jinny," he said. "But do you think I need advice, warning?"

"Yes, I do," she said emphatically. "You're a sweet kid, too, Dean, but—you're a man. That means you're selfish. Oh, I don't mean in the ordinary things. I'm *for* you, Dean. You know that. Only—you're hurt. You're hurt right now. And you mustn't let Rita know you're hurt. She might think you were failing her somehow, and that would hurt her, and—well," she finished lamely, "you wouldn't want that to happen."

"It won't happen," he assured her.

(Continued on page 51)

Face down on her bed, she sobbed as never in her life before

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Pick-Up

Five yards from the finish line of an Olympic race Charley Paddock was a full yard behind the leader. Yet Charley won by about a foot. That called for unusual acceleration, the subject treated expertly in this article

By Charley Paddock

Frank Wykoff began sprinting when he was six years old and has consistently broken records

Wide World

THE old axiom that a good beginning makes a bad ending has been thoroughly blasted in sprint running. Track has reached the point where the man who is off to a poor start in the hundred-yard dash might just as well pull up right then and there.

In the old days the reverse was true. The finish was all that counted and many a boy who led the field for ninety-five yards never even placed. It was common knowledge that the man or horse off to a good start couldn't stand up in the final drive when racing his equals.

The development of the start has changed all that. Fifty years ago, the champions started a race from a standing position. The Sheffield start was the favorite. The left arm was thrust far out, and the right was held at the side, while the body was well over the line and the feet were half buried in starting holes. At the pistol crack, the right arm was jerked back, as the right foot shot out.

Harry Hutchens of Great Britain, the greatest of all the professional sprinters, used this start when he invaded Australia in the late eighties. In that country he met Charlie Samuels, an aborigine, who employed what he called the "kangaroo start." It consisted of crouching in starting holes much as the kangaroo does before it leaps forward.

The crouch start was greatly improved upon at the beginning of this century by Arthur Duffey of Georgetown University. Some ten years later when Howard Drew became the champion sprinter of the world he perfected starting form still more, by means of a short jabbing step as he came out of his holes. Then Loren Murchison added his bit indoors soon after the war and became the most consistent starter of modern times.

Sprinting is a science. The average spectator at a track meet probably does not realize that there have always been three distinct parts to a hundred-yard dash; namely, the start, the stride and the finish. A fourth, recently discovered, I shall explain later in this article. More work has been done with the start than with the others, for here natural ability and speed were at a minimum while form and quickness could be improved.

Room for Improvement

Yet if I had my choice of two boys of equal speed, one of whom could start and the other finish, I would always take the latter, for it is possible to improve his running in the first ten yards, while the boy who can already start has little room for improvement. Natural speed is born, not made, while the start is purely a matter of form.

To begin with, the athlete digs starting holes in order to keep himself from slipping. Those holes are from six to ten inches behind the starting line (depending on his height) so that the knee of the right leg comes opposite the instep of the left foot. When he takes his mark (the first command) his body should be well forward, but relaxed, and he should be breathing easily.

When the second command is given to "get set" a deep breath should be taken and held until the starting gun, while the weight should be on the hands and the front foot, so that when the sprinter leaves his holes he should be falling forward. This makes his first two steps short drives which send him into his running stride.

A great deal always depends upon the official who is starting the race. You must have complete confidence that he will not allow you or anyone else to "jump" the gun, that is to say, to leave before the pistol is fired. And a good starter is as rare as a California day in Little America.

Officials of amateur meets are, almost without exception, honest men. But the way they allow some of the boys to steal on the gun would convince the average spectator that they must have wagered the old homestead upon the offending athletes' success. Starting has improved tremendously during the last few years, due to a more careful training of the athletes to hold their marks and wait for the gun and also to the strict adherence to a penalty for a "jump" in an important race. The rule is that if a runner leaves before the pistol is fired, in the hundred yards, he is set back a yard, and if he jumps the second time, he is set back two yards, while a third offense means disqualification.

It is not always easy to detect a clever jump. Some men seem to have a sixth sense of perception and know the exact moment when the gun will be fired. This knowledge gives just enough of a "lift" to account for a full yard lead in the first ten.

Some years ago Jack Scholz, then a student at Missouri University, had that sixth sense. He left his holes with such uncanny speed that there was no question but that he instinctively sensed when the gun would be fired. He defeated the greatest speedsters in the world for 40-, 50-, and 70-yard races. He was not an unusual finisher at that time and, peculiarly enough, he did not win either a national or an Olympic title until he had become a relatively slow starter.

It is not my purpose to underestimate the importance of the start. But I maintain it is not nearly so vital for the development of consistent speed as other parts of the hundred.

The runner who improves is the one who learns to run from behind. He has an objective in front of him and if he possesses a fighting heart and courage under fire he will mow down the fast starter in the closing yards, providing that his natural speed approaches that of his opponent.

Good Starts and Poor Finishes

The boy who has learned to come out of his starting holes fast is seldom able to finish. There are two good reasons for this: He has never run from behind and is inclined to tie up when slower starters begin to catch him, which is only natural. Also the fast starter has already used up his strength in the first part of the race and has nothing left for the finish. Even in so short a distance as one hundred yards no man can run wide open all the way. The best that I ever could do was to take three strides with all the power and speed at my command, and there are between thirty and forty strides in the hundred-yard dash.

To make those few all-important steps effective it is essential that you relax completely before you deliver them. Anyone who has watched a tense fighter in the ring deliver a blow with his muscles tight knows that the force of impact has been lost just as in the case of the golfer who expends his energy on the back swing of his drive and has nothing left with which to hit the ball. The sprinter must relax as he runs, and call upon his reserve in the moment when it counts.

As an illustration of what I mean, I have seen two pictures of the Olympic hundred-meter race at Antwerp in 1920. One picture was taken five yards from

(Continued on page 47)

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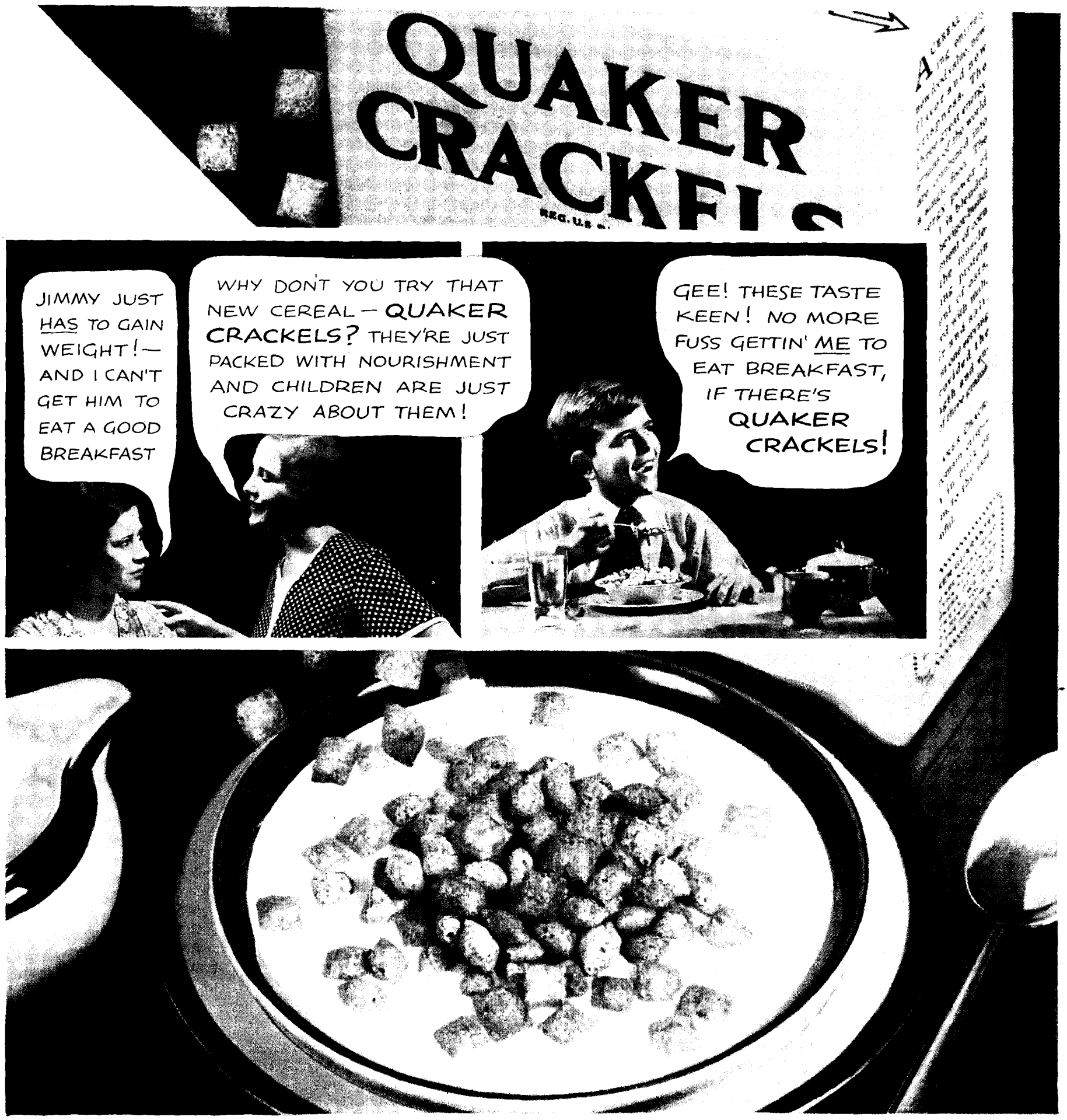
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QUAKER CRACKELS

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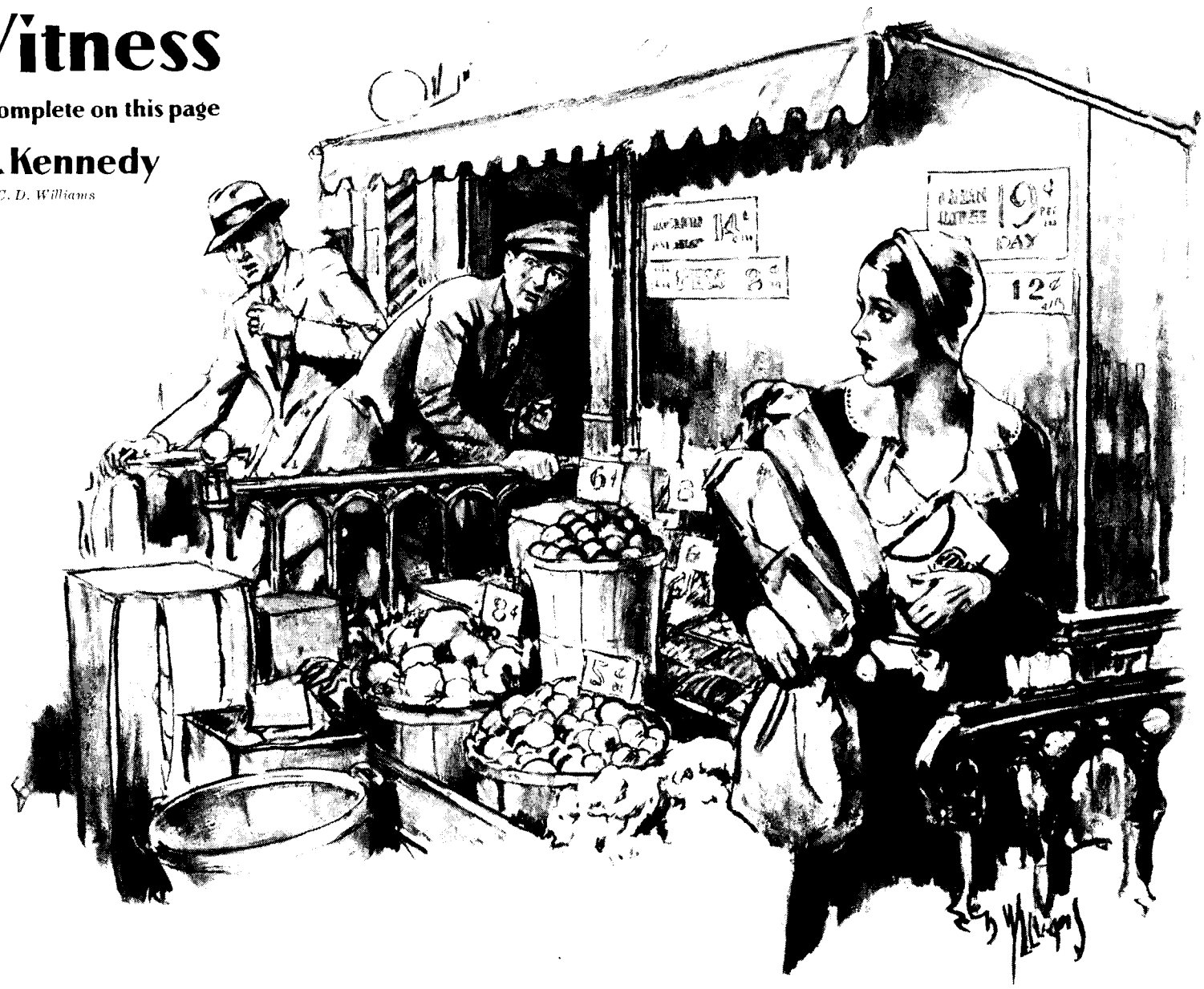
Star Witness

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

Illustrated by C. D. Williams



"People were scattering, scared. A gal came out of the store"

IT'S your job—this one, Capoli," said Doyle.

"Why me?" said Capoli, twisting his heavy brows into a scowl. "I ain't been with your mob more than a month."

"That's why it's your job," said Doyle.

Doyle's chair creaked as he got up. Capoli watched the huge back of the leader go to the sideboard next to the roulette wheel. Doyle downed a drink. His beady blue eyes fixed on Capoli when he turned. Capoli sat there at the table. The others were smoking—four of them; but they kept their mouths shut.

"This guy's at the Alberta Hotel," said Doyle. "Room 507's the number, isn't it, Zimmy?"

Zimmy, a dark, wizened man like a well-dressed scarecrow, nodded.

"I don't want no killing job single-handed," said Capoli.

"You want me to go with you, eh?" said Doyle. "When every copper in the county is laying for me. Whattaya think I've buried myself in this dump for ever since the cops put the heat on us for that Hester Street blow-off? This is your job because they don't know you as one of our crowd."

Capoli argued no more. That bunch in that room knew what to do. Capoli was either in the mob or out. "In," he took orders; "out," he took bullets.

Doyle lifted a long-nosed automatic gun from a table. Its muzzle was boxed in a silencer. Doyle pulled back the slide, saw it was loaded, then lifted his left hand and leveled it at the window. Capoli shrank. Doyle's cruel mouth split in a grin. He passed Capoli the gun.

"Zimmy will fix it to get you in. He'll keep watch-out," said Doyle. "Make sure he's the right guy the cops are keepin'; then give him the works."

Capoli waited in the bathroom of Room 507 of the Alberta Hotel. It was an old place with twisting corridors, easy to make.

"He's at a show with a cop," Zimmy had said, as he slipped Capoli a pass-key in the room Capoli had hired on a floor above. "I'll take care of the flat-foot. He's dumb."

Capoli waited in the dark bathroom. He didn't smoke. He forgot all about the flask Zimmy had given him. He sat, alert, on the broad end of the old-fashioned bathtub, gun cocked, waiting. Two or three times he arose as there were footsteps and voices in the corridor. But nobody came. A telephone rang in the bedroom. Capoli counted its jerked ringings—ten of them. He waited. Doors slammed at intervals; then a succession of slammings. Finally, a thin, cutting voice calling to somebody.

"Okay," it said. "I'll be okay."

A key turning the lock of 507. Capoli sprang upright. Slowly he slipped his hand into the opening between bathroom door and jamb. A click and the ceiling light of the bedroom showed him a man turning. The bedroom door clapped to; a key clicked. Capoli stepped out, gun pointed.

"QUIET!" he commanded. "Sit on the bed and shut up."

The man's sparse eyebrows nearly touched the edge of his dun hair. He gasped and stuck up bony wrists at a gesture from Capoli. Then he sat on the bed. Capoli pressed the gun muzzle to his quivering midriff and slipped an automatic from the other's coat pocket.

"Drop your hands," he said.

The bony wrists, hair on them curled and shivering, slid back into their sleeves.

"Where did you leave the copper?" Capoli demanded.

"He met a guy he knew," the man stammered. His pale gray eyes twitched under Capoli's glare.

"So you're the bird the cops are keeping," said Capoli. "You're that star witness?"

"Me?"—the man shrank.

"You just told me," snapped Capoli. "Listen. I ain't one of that mob that did that Hester Street shooting. But I'm here to find out what mob did."

His gun lowered in half reassurance.

"Did you see the killing?"

"Yes," the man fidgeted. He was trying to think fast.

"How many was in the car?"

"There was four. Two in front and a big guy and a little guy behind. The big guy pointed to two men talking on the sidewalk. The little guy beside him fired first and one of these two men dropped."

"Go on," said Capoli.

The telephone split the silence.

"Answer that," said Capoli. "Tell 'em everything's okay."

The man took the phone from the stand by the bed. A question was asked him.

"Everything's okay," he said, and repeated it. Then he hung up the phone.

"The little guy fired first," Capoli reminded him.

"Yes," said the man. "He must have missed. I was standing there, froze. People were scattering, scared. I heard the big guy holler something and the car turned around."

"Did you see his face?"

"Yeah. It was a big man's face. He was grinning. He leaned out of the car while one of these two guys crouched with a gun."

"The guys on the sidewalk?"

"Yeah. Then a gal came out of the store just as the big guy fired. She got it. It killed her."

"You're positive that big guy did it?" said Capoli.

"Positive. Because he turned around and saw me and aimed his gun. Then I seen he was left-handed. I ducked and dropped. I guess he thought he'd hit me. When I got up everybody had gone and that gal was lying there—"

"This big guy was left-handed?" said Capoli, drawing up his gun.

The man on the bed cringed.

"My God," he cried, his bony wrists going up protectingly. "You just wanted to make sure I knew. Don't—"

"Shut up," barked Capoli. "Of course I wanted to know."

He backed to the door.

"Keep quiet," he commanded. "I ain't hurting you."

Capoli slipped from the room.

Zimmy was late picking him up in the cab.

"That cop drunk half the bar," said Zimmy. "How was it?"

"Okay," said Capoli. He took a stiff swig from the flask and smoked many cigarettes. "I got him talking to make sure he knew."

"DID he know?"

"Sure. But Doyle better watch out. Even with that guy out of the way. This guy told me the gal had a brother all gunned up to get Doyle."

"Yeah?" said Zimmy.

Doyle was alone when Zimmy and Capoli reappeared. He swung drinks all around, jubilant.

"I want to see the morning papers," he said.

"You go and get 'em," said Capoli to Zimmy.

"They won't be out yet," said Zimmy.

"Sure they will," said Doyle. "See, anyhow."

Zimmy left.

The next morning a detective aroused the sleeper in Room 507, Hotel Alberta.

"It's all over, buddy," he said. "They got Big Doyle last night."

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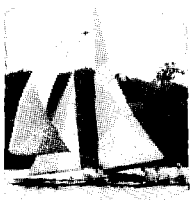
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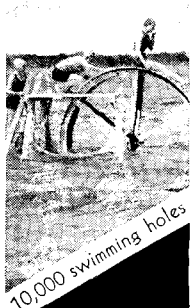
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Continued from page 20

and money were spent in trying to acquire it as went to the medieval search for the elixir of life, the fountain of youth, El Dorado or the philosophers' stone. Forty little squares are still in existence, given as souvenirs at a great fête in the Pitti Palace in Florence in the year 1613—Europe's first china, not perfect, but still an achievement, and as great a rarity to the ladies and gentlemen who received it as a present of radium would be today.

For another hundred years nothing noteworthy happened in the field, until Meissen china was put on the market, made in Germany and later rivaled by the product of the Sèvres factory in France.

Campus Scenes

But in the meantime the Chinese had a brain wave that netted them fortunes commercially. The whole world wanted china, but the western part of it didn't feel drawn to the oriental decorations china had always carried. So Lowestoft came into existence—china made in the East, but carrying designs to appeal to the West; and taking its name perhaps from the town of Lowestoft, England, to which early examples were brought by the Dutch about 1650; but the heyday of the craze occurred during the eighteenth century and even the Cape Cod skippers caught the germ. Nothing the clipper ships ever carried caused greater excitement in feminine America. No lady of the period had really arrived until she owned at least a tea set.

Today, Lowestoft stands at the dizzy top among American collectors of antique china—so, if we still possess great-grandmother's teapot, or even an uncracked cup and saucer, let it be proudly displayed. Prodigious prices are paid for it today, though our particular design may not be among the headliners, for the china fans are fussy.

A Pennsylvania man will pay a hundred dollars a plate for Lowestoft featuring religious or mythological subjects, but he isn't interested in any other plates whatsoever. Another doesn't care for Lowestoft; he collects silver resist, but it has to be tinted in blue and decorated with hunting scenes. A jug that meets his requirements is cheap at five hundred. Others again want Meissen, which suffered a slump after the World War but has now recovered. Still others will consider nothing but Sèvres or Chelsea or Bristol, Saltglaze, Delft, early English faïence. But Lowestoft has the preference over them all and men are the most ardent collectors.

But the collector hasn't the masculine china market to himself. Sometime around the end of the eighteenth century the English potters, who loved to put scenery flat on the table, turned their attention to America, and among the pictures they made was a colorful corner of the Harvard campus. One of these plates turned up a few years ago and inspired an idea—why not reproduce it and sell it to the alumni? No sooner said than done. No sooner done than a rage. Fifty thousand dozen were sold in four years—all of them to men, or to women with an eye on man's appreciation. Other colleges have been depicted in the same manner and at least a hundred thousand dozen have exchanged the shelf for the china closet.

To the average woman, of course, china isn't something to collect for its rarity or to grow reminiscent about because it suggests the days of her youth. Women don't really like to be reminded that there is any such thing as a calendar. China is something to serve food on.

Taking her by and large in the more exclusive circles, we find her an enthusiastic adopter of the modern fad which decrees a different design for each successive course. Naturally, if she has a splendid old set handed down to her or bought when John made a killing, she uses it throughout. She may do this, too, if she likes to ally herself with the conservatives who don't quite approve of all this chopping and changing. But, in the main, each course sees a different pattern as well as a different plate. This not only increases the opportunity for interesting and novel effects, but it complicates the color problem. If she uses some sort of silver, gold or crystal table decoration to replace flowers, or if she keeps her flowers white, the problem isn't so acute. Otherwise she has to be a nimble thinker, especially as the trend today is for very colorful china. Almost any decided color that hooks up with dining-room, table decorations and food finds its adherents. Black is the one exception; though offered, it has never sold well. In earthenware for country-house use, this same woman gravitates toward a great deal of decoration or none at all, but the colors must be relatively soft.

Yet such a clientele, we find, isn't entirely representative. There are even greater restlessness and a desire for change observable among the great public that does its shopping in department stores. These ladies weren't content with adopting the idea of separate designs for each course. They also put over the square plate, the first real innovation that has hit the general market in decades. They banished white and boomed ivory. They switched from the highly colorful china previously mentioned to light sprinkles of flowers, with roses as prime favorites. Now they're considering a still further move toward simplification in plain gold or "platinum" bands. In their service plates they continue to demand brilliance, and with them deep red stands first, followed by dark green and midnight blue. But they want paler colors and smaller, more delicate designs from then on. Why? There isn't any answer except that they just get tired of the other kind of thing. This nation-wide cross-section agrees with the patrons of the exclusive shop in its dislike of black as a major decorative note. And neither market will stand for the modern influence except in small doses.

Crystal Takes the Table

Probably modern designers are themselves to blame for this, since many of the earlier efforts too closely resembled chain lightning on the high seas. But china, like everything else in modernism, has quieted down of late, and much of it is too beautiful not to be more popular than it is. In its extreme versions it rarely looks well in an old-fashioned house, or in one recently built on period lines, but what could be more appropriate to the small penthouse apartment, or to any other slice of a great steel-frame modern building? The colors today are delicate, the forms have balance, the whole spirit is youthful and alive, sophisticated and of the moment. Few women will want such china as their sole stand-by, but many ought to consider it for informal affairs or, in its simplest manifestations, for summer use. It already has such patronage on the top rungs of the ladder, and undoubtedly the movement will spread.

But china alone never made a table, either before or after prohibition. If it weren't for the sparkle of glass we'd lack the high lights of both picture and conversation. In choosing it we find both the exclusives and the popular-pricers in agreement—colored glass is on the wane; for the formal table crystal is triumphantly in the ascendant. To be sure, "cased glass" is still smart—crystal with an overcoat of color cut through in a design to the base—but this has always been expensive. Plain-colored glass continues to be used informally in the summer with tablecloths of colored linen. Pale green, amber and blue are favored by the top of the social cake while darker colors go best in the big stores. But most experts feel that the diamond gleam of the English, the Belgian, the French, the Swedish and the Czechoslovakian clear glass will soon greet us in solid phalanx from all the most up-to-date tables, except where these are set with modern china that seems to demand at least an accent of color in the glassware. Brilliancy and "ring" are the things to check in buying. Cut glass, by the way, is coming back, but rather in the delicate Waterford feeling than in the more massive versions of the Gay Nineties.

Odd Coffee Cups

To be properly equipped, our experts tell us, the complete hostess should own a round dozen different shapes of drinking glasses, all in the same design—goblet, champagne, claret, port, sherry, cocktail, liqueur, whisky, water, highball, brandy-and-soda and a useful medium-sized entry for tomato juice. The port and the sherry are so nearly alike, however, that the economical mind sees them as interchangeable and, for many of the rest of us, our lines haven't been cast in such dizzy circles as to suggest more than six of the remaining eleven. Glass also figures in the finger bowl and sometimes in the dessert plate. Summer salad plates, too, are frequently in this medium.

All these delicate bits of crystal are more or less conventional in line and ornament, and they're practically all bought by women. The novelty glasses with roosters, pigs, comic humans, game birds and so on strutting across the drink are designed for the masculine market. Men have a sense of humor about such things that women in general lack.

It was a well-known sportsman who carried this same feeling into the china field. He demanded after-dinner coffee cups of the same size, each from a different country, each so decorated that the design suggested the origin, and so stamped on the bottom that said origin was plainly attested. America, England, France, Germany, Sweden, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Ireland, Japan, China—these were picked up at once. The next one came harder and higher—Russia, with the double eagle at fifteen dollars per twin. There the agent commissioned to collect the set stuck for a week, until in the Syrian quarter he found a Persian cup. His principal was delighted. Now he could entertain his friends by making them bet on where each cup was made, after which they could drink up the coffee and look at the bottom to see that he was playing fair. Women take coffee more seriously. Their cups don't match the china of any previous course, but they must match each other.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ECONOMY attracted me to this Tooth Paste . . RESULTS held me

"When the depression came along, and every penny counted, I began checking up on what our small necessities cost us. Eventually I came to tooth paste and had some misgivings about changing from our regular 50¢ dentifrice to a less expensive brand. I had heard quite a few of the girls at the club tell how pleased they were with the way their teeth looked since they began using Listerine Tooth Paste. I decided to give it a trial.

"After we had used this tooth paste for a few weeks both John and myself were delighted with the improvement in the appearance of our teeth. In addition the children liked the taste of Listerine Tooth Paste so well that they actually looked forward to brushing their teeth with it."

Efficient Yet Safe

This dentifrice contains a special polishing agent which wipes off tartar, tobacco stains, or any other discolorations in record time. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is so gentle in action that it will not mar the most delicate of tooth enamels.

A tooth paste must be good to be able to win and hold over 4,000,000 people in the short period of a few years.

Savings Cut Cost to You

In order to supply this huge demand we operate on a large cost-cutting scale, using the most modern methods of manufacture and distribution. That is why we are able to offer the consumer such a quality dentifrice at such an unusually low price.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use it for a month. Judge by results alone.

We are sure you too will be won by the cleanness and brilliance it will bring to your teeth. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE QUALITY DENTIFRICE AT A COMMONSENSE PRICE

Here are a few things that $3 you save will buy you

The average person uses a tube of tooth paste a month. On this basis, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube will save you $3 per year as compared with 50¢ dentifrices. Here are a few suggestions as to how to spend that $3.

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, or hat
Sweater, gloves, or knickers
Pyjamas or underwear
Bathrobe or kimono
Muffler, or raincoat
Sneakers, moccasins, or slippers
Shoes, rubbers, or galoshes
Dress material, or cotton frock
Neckties, shirts, or cufflinks
Infant coat and bunting (both)
Children's pyjamas, or underwear
Children's frocks, rompers, or shoes

FOOD

2 chickens, or a large roast
8 pounds bacon or lamb chops
6 quarts olive oil, or 20 quarts milk
150 pounds potatoes, or 180 oranges
40 pounds prunes
60 pounds sugar
30 loaves bread
6 dozen eggs
15 pounds coffee
6 pounds butter
30 cans soups or beans
12 to 20 cans fruits or vegetables
12 to 30 packages of your favorite breakfast cereal

FOR THE CHILDREN

A baseball bat and glove
A doll or doll carriage
A tricycle or scooter
Bicycle tires or toy soldiers
An inexpensive wrist watch
Ice skates or roller skates
Rompers, frocks, or shoes
A toy locomotive

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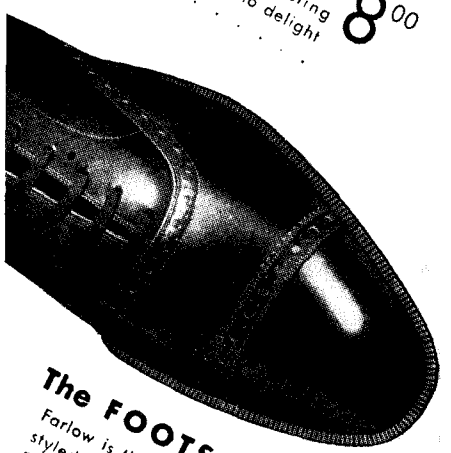
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

Step forth, this Spring, in better, smarter shoes than ever—in dependable Style-Selected Bostonians for less than in years.

The REGIS
Trim in appearance—trim in price. But a Bostonian in style, wear and value.
$6.50

The ESSEX
Here's comfort and long lasting Bostonian style at a price to delight your pocketbook $8.00



The FOOTSAVER
Farlow is the name of this custom styled, tailored last combining costly Footsaver features at a new low price.
$10.00

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN
Sold by both leading shoe and men's wear stores in every city. Write for 1932 style booklet and name of dealer.
COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO.
WHITMAN, MASS.

Thanks to a Girl in Love

Continued from page 9

him so pitifully inadequate that he almost asked her to do it over; but he concluded that perhaps this was the best she could do. Mora was an inarticulate girl.

"I'll come up tomorrow," he told her, "if there's any news."

"All right."

But Old Man Coffee returned a little before midnight that same night. Mora was grave and quiet-faced, but he knew how shaky she was inside.

"There's something I forgot to tell you," he said. Mora Cameron was a tall, slim girl, straight as a lodgepole pine, but Old Man Coffee could still look down at her. And now he stood glaring, and tapping her collar bone with a horny forefinger like a tack hammer.

"You know what?" he demanded at last. "Curt never killed that feller."

Mora sucked in a deep breath and for a moment seemed to sway, so that Old Man Coffee took hold of her arms. Then suddenly she angered. "Why didn't you say so—before I wrote that fool note? Curt will think I hadn't any belief in him!"

"Well," said Old Man Coffee, "well—heck!"

Mora stared, shy and tragic. "How—how did he take it? The note, I mean?"

Coffee hesitated. Down in the McTarnahan jail Curt Morse was just beginning to realize his danger, and was reacting to it in a way curiously suggestive of a dazed Newfoundland puppy. But Coffee was thinking of Curt's sudden whip-cut anger upon reception of Mora's note. The old hunter could see both sides—Mora's stunned inarticulacy, and the effect of bluntness and casual lack of faith which her note had conveyed to Curt. He lied. "How'd he take it? Not any special way."

MORA demanded distractedly, "How did you find out he didn't do it?"

"Hey, whoa! I never said I found out anything, child."

"But—you said Curt never killed—"

"I took a look at the scene of the crime," he admitted, "and I'm convinced in my own mind. But the only thing I got to base it on is—well, darn it! Curt let his coffee boil over." Old Man Coffee almost blushed. Never in his life had he had so little to go on—or that little so absurd.

"He let his—what?"

"I found where his coffee had boiled over on the stove. Now, suppose Curt had heard Art's horse coming up the trail. Suppose he said to himself, 'Here's a feller probably looking for trouble—I'll go out and give him some.' He would have had plenty time to set his coffee off the fire, wouldn't he? And that's what makes me think it was like he says—he was dozing, and jumped up and run out when he heard the shot."

Probably never in his life had Old Man Coffee offered anyone so feeble a deduction. But Mora Cameron never questioned it. When she spoke again she seemed to have quieted into a new cool energy, in the light of that slim glimmer of hope.

"Coffee," she said, "can you clear him?"

He deliberated. "I don't know. Given time—"

"Time," Mora repeated. "Here—I'll tell you what. Tell Curt his friends have made up a pool—they're going to hire his counsel for him. Then you wire the best lawyers in the West. Get John Faversham and old Jim MacCready and Archer Smith. Especially, you've got to get Archer Smith."

Old Man Coffee stared at her. "You can't get no such men as that," he said. "I misdoubt if five thousand dollars will get old Jim MacCready's feet off his desk. At his age—"

"Offer him ten, then. I'm telling you: get those men! If you need time, there's your time. Then—the rest is up to you. Put your nose on the trail! Everybody knows that you're the nearest thing to a human bloodhound the Frying Pan has ever seen."

"What else do you want me to do?" he said at last.

"Get Curt to name you to see that his mine is run."

"Who'll I get to run it?"

"Don't get anybody to run it. I'm going to run that mine!"

ART DWYER was killed July eighth. And now the days went by and the weeks unrolled; and it was deep into August when one day Old Man Coffee plodded up the trail to the Morse mine with a weary and springless stride. What Curt Morse did not know was that Mora Cameron was now making her headquarters at his diggings, to which she had transferred her entire force.

Today Coffee found her sitting on a dump car, watching the slow ram of the big stamp; and she turned to him quickly for the news which he now brought her every day.

"The prosecution is fighting for a quick trial, like a bobcat family in a barley sack," he said. "But your jackpot of lawyers fitted up their fourth delay this morning. It was either a Writ of Saleratus, or an Injunction to Deface. I never see the beat."

"How's Curt taking it?" Her attempted casualness fell through. With one thought, one emotion, forever uppermost in her mind, she should not have expected to fool Old Man Coffee.

"Quiet," Old Man Coffee stated. He didn't want to describe Curt's state of mind. Mora's poor little inarticulate note had had a sufficiently unfortunate effect. But when Curt had found that Mora was not even going to come to see him he had gone utterly bitter, swearing that all women were alike. "Maybe you should have gone down there," Coffee suggested feebly.

"How could I? My only hope of winning through for him is never to let him suspect what I am doing; and the only hope of that is to treat him so—so badly—that he'll shut his ears to rumors."

Coffee nodded. "He don't suspect yet." He pushed ahead; he couldn't tell her that Curt's bitterness had long since trailed off into a hopeless funk in which Curt didn't seem to care whether he hanged or not. "Mora," he said, "I was wondering—them lawyers are wanting to know—how long we aim to keep on."

"Clear through to the end of the string. You could have told them that. What's the matter with you?"

Old Man Coffee looked savage, then dejected. "Mora," he said at last, "maybe I'm dumb. Maybe I don't know as much as I thought I did about the way folks act in a given case. But I've checked up on everybody who might have killed Art Dwyer—and I'm whupped."

Mora Cameron was silent for a long time. "And yet," she said at last, "and yet—Curt Morse never killed Art Dwyer." She turned on the old lion hunter abruptly. "You still believe that, don't you?"

He nodded. "To my dying day, I'll believe that Curt Morse never killed Art Dwyer."

"All right. You think you know where everybody was the night of the murder. But now we'll go back of that. We'll search the records of people long before this murder was done."

Old Man Coffee sat staring at her, very nearly aghast. "I wouldn't know where to commence," he said at last.

"I'll commence you, then," Mora told him. "We'll lead off with Dib Stalker that's been fighting with Curt over the flume water. Who was Dib Stalker before he came here? Where was he five years ago, and ten?"

"I don't know," said Old Man Coffee, "and furthermore I don't give a hoot. Any number of witnesses say that Dib Stalker was riding through McTarnahan when Art Dwyer was shot; and some of 'em I'd believe quicker'n I'd believe myself."

MORA showed impatience. "I know all that. We'll sift him anyway. And likewise his foreman, Phil McGovern."

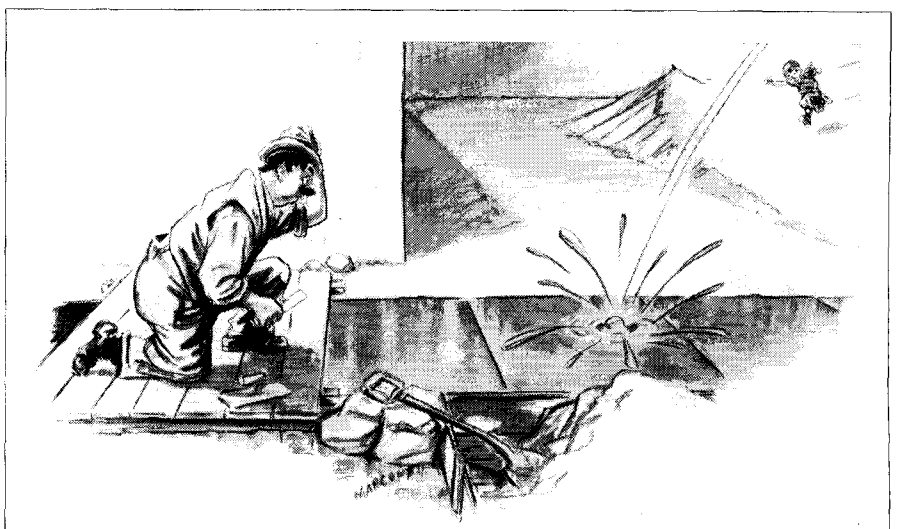
"McGovern? Half an hour after the killing, Pete Crabtree himself saw Phil coming in with a fresh-shot deer that he'd got clear over on Bob Ridge. I've found the marks of blood where that deer—"

"Sift him," Mora overrode him. "Go on from there and sift down those four others that were working at the Free Strike—"

"And just how do you figure to do all this?"

"Get hold of the best national detec-

(Continued on page 33)



"Throw it, mister; he's makin' third base!" *George Marcoux*

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ALL SET FOR AN APRIL SHOWER

THE CHAMPAGNE
OF GINGER ALES

"HAPPY is the bride that the sun shines on." But ask any modern bride, and she'll want showers . . . lots of them . . . linen and aluminum ones, cotton and woolen, silver and china.

Indeed, showers are the brightest spots in this whole merry month. They should be intimate with gay favors, distinctive with a delightful luncheon . . . and for a buoyant spirit quite in keeping with the bridal setting, the cool dewy cheer of The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

Through the whole gay march of events, Canada Dry can play an important role . . . sparkling like a jewel at the engagement dinner . . . ready like a fine old wine for the wedding breakfast toasts . . . snugly stowed in the pantry for the bride's first "at home." Certainly, for these occasions only the best is good enough.

Yet with all its matchless flavor and sparkle, The Champagne of Ginger Ales appeals to your sense of thrift. At the new low price, it is more than ever a remarkable value. A new large size, convenient for entertainments, is now sold in most cities. Both sizes are packaged in handy cartons. © 1932

CANADA DRY

A NEW LARGE SIZE
A NEW LOW PRICE

LUNCHEON SHOWER FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

For so intimate an occasion, a buffet luncheon is easiest. And, if cleverly conceived, the most attractive too.

Courses can be arranged in circles to climax in the center with a wedding-bell decoration. The outside circles should be the favors and place cards; inside this, English beef broth with croutons; next an artichoke salad (as illustrated) with lemon mayonnaise dressing. Spread leaves and remove prickly center. The next circle is dry ginger ale—a bottle for each one in the party—and following that, individual platters of sandwiches made of salami, veal loaf, liverwurst, Vienna roll, and tuna fish. The inmost circle is Peach Melba with mints and almonds.

Run streamers of ribbon from the wedding-bell to the ginger ale bottles to the name cards. As an extra touch, a slice of orange may be put on the glasses.

Sponsored by THE DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

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Faces that laugh at weather *are shaved*

with Barbasol

So this spring . . .
SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER!

Barbasol—a cream—keeps the face soft, smooth, pliable. Prevents dry, harsh, weather-roughened skin, chapping and windburn.

BRED to the open and the sky, this keen modern world of out-of-doors, men have learned a trick worth knowing in all-weather facial protection.

THEY SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER—that's the secret! They use BARBASOL. Increasing millions of users have made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in the world.

Because it *is* a cream, and free from harsh, biting alkalis, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and pliable. The natural oils are kept in. Skin-drying air is kept out. And the wonderful unguent properties of Barbasol supply added protection and balm-like healing power.

This smooth, cool cream softens the whiskers instantly. It holds them erect. And your razor, gliding on a thin film of cream, zips them off like magic.

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd:

1. Wet your face and leave it wet. 2. Spread on Barbasol. (No need for vigorous rub-in.) 3. Wet a good blade—and SHAVE.

That's all there is to the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢, will quickly make you a Barbasol Believer, too.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed below.

BARBASOL RADIO BROADCASTS

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue network, coast to coast.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

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Thanks to a Girl in Love

Continued from page 30

tive agency in the country. Get the two best in the country. Let them put on a dozen operatives apiece, and turn them loose."

"Now wa-it a minute," said Old Man Coffee. "Those birds will run fifty dollars a day expenses—apart from—"

"Give them a hundred a day."

Old Man Coffee filled his pipe, then turned to her grimly. "You know what this case has been costing you?"

"Yes," said Mora.

"It'll cost you thousands more. And—"

She turned on him, white with anger. "Move out! Move out—and make the wires smoke, before I—"

Old Man Coffee moved out; and for another month the case dragged on.

FOR what seemed the thousandth time, Old Man Coffee once more rode up the switchback trail to the Morse mine to make his report to Mora. It was September, and the dejection of his attitude was subtly different now. The long strain was nearly over, ended in defeat. He hadn't enjoyed it. He was relaxed now, ready to accept an end to effort.

When he had found Mora he paused a moment, marveling again at the staunchness with which this girl stood up under the long strain, courageously facing out inevitable defeat to the last ditch, to the last inch of ground.

"I was over at your mine," he said. "You've let it go plumb to ruin! It's all caved in and full of water."

Mora frowned. "If that's all you've got to talk about—"

"There's one or two things I wanted to take up," Old Man Coffee admitted, "just by way of tying up the final loose ends."

The girl's breath sucked in. "Final?" she repeated.

"It's all washed up," he said doggedly. "And finished."

For a moment Mora Cameron seemed shaken.

"We've got no case?"

"No; we got no case. Them lawyers think they could make a good showing if Curt would turn around and plead self-defense. But that's one thing he won't do."

"And Curt—what does he say?"

Coffee sought for words. A change had come over Curt Morse, so gradually that it had almost eluded the lion hunter. But lately Coffee had realized that Curt had found himself again, and in a new way. He had tempered and hardened, perhaps to an extent Coffee was unable to judge; the dazed, hopeless Newfoundland puppy was no longer in existence. "You know," he said slowly, "I believe that boy would fight, now, given any chance."

"Then delay again," Mora ordered, the glow of tired fire burning in her eyes. "Delay and delay—you hear me?"

Old Man Coffee said gently, "We ain't ever going to have a case, Mora, looks to me. We got no place more to turn."

There was a silence; then Mora swung head and eyes right and left, like a cornered pony. "We haven't got the final report from that other detective agency yet."

"Yes, we have. It come in this morning."

"Nothing—nothing in it?"

"Nope. A little squidgeon of something against Phil McGovern, of the Free Strike; some little thing he was charged with and run out on, up in Montana once."

She caught at that "little squidgeon" like a trap closing on a falling leaf. "What was against him in Montana?"

"Oh, he flooded a mine, or something—sabotage, they called it. He jumped the state."

The starch seemed to go out of Mora. "Thin," she said.

"No good to us," Old Man Coffee agreed.

But Mora Cameron drew herself up. "It's little enough, God knows! But we'll use it."

"I don't see no connection," said Old Man Coffee.

"What connection do you need? We've found a flaw in the character of a man who hasn't been suspected yet."

"That don't bring him no nearer the scene of the crime."

Mora Cameron angered. "Someone was in this who proved he was not. Someone's alibi has got to be cracked. We'll bore through this stone wall yet, you hear me? But we'll never do it if we fail to drill and blast each least flaw!"

"Go at Phil McGovern's alibi again," she was ordering him. "Shake down this deer-meat business. Comb the Bob Ridge country for anyone who heard a hunting rifle fired. Get Phil McGovern in the coop and go after him. Trick him out, and trap him, and don't be afraid to—"

"Sheriff Crabtree—he won't fall in with no such—"

"Good!" said Mora. "I've been waiting for a jam with Sheriff Crabtree. I think he'll come to heel. But if he don't we'll smash him clear out of the picture, if it takes my last cent!"

The old lion hunter groaned. "We can't do it, Mora," he said. "Phil McGovern is long gone from McTarnahan."

"Gone? McGovern gone?"

"These six weeks," Coffee told her.

"Why haven't you told me this before?"

"I can't report on the whole hooting population, Mora."

"Well, then—go get him!"

Old Man Coffee shook his head. "I've tried to locate which way he went. It's no go, Mora. Before we could lay hands on him, Curt Morse would be long hung."

MORA CAMERON said nothing, and Old Man Coffee watched Curt Morse's big, antiquated rocker sway slowly, like a mechanical elephant, perhaps fifty or sixty times.

"You can't get McGovern?" Her eyes were wet, but they burned and glowed. "I'll show you how to get him!"

"Mora, girl, you gone nuts?"

"Get those operatives that traced down McGovern's history—they know his habits by now. Burn the wires with descriptions, cutting him off at the likely places first. But if it's necessary to post every crossroads on this continent, I'll foot the bill for that."

"You can't bring him back if you find him. Crabtree—"

"To hell with Crabtree! I'm charging Phil McGovern with sabotaging in my mine. Nail him for that—and we'll see."

Old Man Coffee was appalled. Suddenly he turned on her and took hold of both her wrists. "Mora, you fool kid—"

"Doing as I say," she demanded stubbornly, "can you get me Phil McGovern?"

Old Man Coffee gave up. "All right. I'll do it, Mora."

He started to turn away but she stopped him. "One thing more," she said, gathering control of her voice again. She picked up a scrap of board, and with a fragment of rock wrote down four or five figures, slowly, as if going over computations worked out before. She nailed the piece of wood onto the tailing dump. "For information leading to the arrest of Phil McGovern—thirty-five thousand dollars reward."

The old lion hunter nearly sat down flat. Weeks ago he had begun wondering where all the money was coming from. "Mora," he exploded—"thunderation! You're breaking yourself!"

"Look you here," Mora said. "One thing around here is dead certain: that I know how to take care of myself, first, last and all the time. Get that through your head."

THE thing dragged on again; September was nearly gone. Old Man Coffee didn't argue with her any more. He felt like a fool, carrying out her extravagant and futile orders, but he pursued them doggedly, to the letter. He had, however, devised a rough and practical alternative of his own. Failing to save Curt Morse's neck by legal means, Old Man Coffee felt impelled to rig up an illegal way. He had arranged for Curt Morse to break jail.

For by this time Curt Morse was mentally in shape to carry out this rugged type of plan. The proposed jail delivery was waiting for nothing less obvious than the dark of the moon.

And then—without advance hope or warning, the whole case against Curt Morse collapsed, so quickly that even Old Man Coffee did not at first know what was happening. Art Dwyer had been killed on the eighth of July. On the twenty-eighth of September word came in over the wires that Phil McGovern was under arrest in Cheyenne; and on October second Curt Morse walked out into the light of day.

McGovern had admitted nothing, and no one, least of all Old Man Coffee, attached any significance to his arrest. But before Coffee could report to Mora, other things occurred which led him to withhold the news from her, lest he arouse false hope. Scouring his list of people who might have been on the prowl in that part of the country on or about the date of the murder, Old Man Coffee found a ranch cook who, like Phil McGovern, had been hunting, illegally, the week of the murder. Until now this man had seen no reason to shoot off his mouth at another's story; but he now admitted that he had seen the carcass of a buck hanging in a tree two miles back of the Free Strike. By searching his "supplies purchased" account, the cook was able to state definitely that he had observed the hung deer on the date of the killing of Art Dwyer.

Confronted with this new evidence, Mike Foley and Jack Hanson, doublejack men at the Free Strike, now admitted that they knew Phil McGovern to have killed his buck on the seventh and not the eighth. Returning to the Free Strike from his illegal hunt, Phil McGovern had seen a horse which he took to be the game warden's; so that he shied off, and cached his out-of-season kill until the next day.

Phil McGovern's alibi was destroyed. He was not as yet, however, connected with the murder either by motive or circumstantial implication.

But now John Faversham proceeded to Lordstown and thence to Cheyenne by chartered plane. No one had ever

(Continued on page 34)

EX-COFFEE DRINKERS

pass your cups and cheer!

YES! Pass your cups for coffee—rich, full-flavored Sanka Coffee. You'll cheer first because Sanka Coffee is so delicious—a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. Then you'll cheer because you can enjoy coffee again without fear of caffein causing sleeplessness—indigestion—nervousness—because Sanka Coffee has 97% of the caffein removed. For proof—make the night-test. Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. Next morning you'll know you can enjoy Sanka Coffee without regret! Sanka Coffee comes ground or in the bean—in vacuum-sealed cans. Satisfaction—or your money back. Get a pound to-day.

© 1932, S. C. CORP.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Committee on Foods

Accepted by the highest medical authority.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE · 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Try this cooler SHAVING CREAM at our expense

15 SHAVES

FREE

We won't ask you to read a lot of weighty arguments aimed to convince you that Listerine Shaving Cream is superior to others. We'll rest our case on the cream itself. We want you to try it at our expense.

One little dab of it on the face, whipped into a cool, creamy lather, will do more to convince you of its merit than a whole page of arguments.

If fifteen free shaves do not remove all doubts of its superiority, nothing will.

It has been our experience that when a man gives Listerine Shaving Cream a thorough trial, he rarely returns to other brands—good as they may be. Possibly you will be an exception. We hope not.

It costs you nothing to learn the secret of cooler, quicker shaving. Simply clip the coupon below and put it in the mail. Tear it out now before you forget it. In return for it, you will receive a generous trial tube of Listerine Shaving Cream—enough for at least fifteen shaves.

When that tube is empty, you will probably want the regular size tube. What a whopper of a tube it is! What a whale of a bargain!

Remember, the price is 25¢. Your druggist has it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

25¢

CLIP THIS COUPON NOW—

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. C-4
St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free and postage paid your trial tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from page 33)

questioned John Faversham's brilliance, his generalship, his resource. Yet McTarnahan was stunned—disbelieving—when, at the end of an all-night session at Cheyenne, he wired that Phil McGovern had confessed.

Even later, when it was revealed how Faversham had accomplished this, only those who had seen Faversham in action could imagine how the thing had been done. Faversham's approach to McGovern had assumed utter finality, taking the view that only the just protection of McGovern himself required discussion. Starting with the disintegration of McGovern's deer-hunt alibi, Faversham built before the suspect's eyes a case complete in its presumptive detail, irresistible in its logic. Faversham's materials were slender—the failure of an alibi, and a forgotten charge of sabotage long ago. But he held one insuperable hidden advantage: his suspect's knowledge that the charge was true.

Perhaps it was McGovern's exact knowledge of his own guilt which caused him to perceive the closing jaws of a trap which did not exist. Perhaps the strain of the weeks at McTarnahan, while that old bloodhound Coffee had unceasingly snuffed and quartered so close to the true trail, had told upon McGovern beyond all measure. Perhaps, too, he was overawed by the power of talent arrayed in the defense of Curt Morse; so that he was glad now to accept Faversham's offer of assistance rather than face the merciless attack which they must unleash if McGovern elected to stand pat. In any case, the weight of the situation proved too much for Phil McGovern.

On October first John Faversham returned to McTarnahan with McGovern's detailed confession. By an understanding with Dib Stalker, McGovern was to have had a partnership in taking over the Morse mine if Morse should be forced out of the picture. So, in the twilight of July eighth, McGovern had prowled the environs of the Morse mine, looking for a chance to contribute to Curt's troubles. As Art Dwyer approached, McGovern had taken cover. Art's nervous horse had given away McGovern's presence. The deputy, perhaps hoping to shoot a bobcat, had drawn, turned his horse, and ridden directly upon Phil McGovern, who had gone into a panic and shot Art Dwyer down.

The gun with which Dwyer had been killed was found where McGovern said he had thrown it, in a distant streambed. There were other corroborations. Phil McGovern might or might not ultimately be convicted; but Curt Morse was clear.

THINGS had moved too fast for Old Man Coffee, making him realize that he was getting old. Even after Faversham's return to McTarnahan, the hunter was unable to overcome a skeptical disbelief in good fortune. It was not until the second of October, the day of Curt's release, that Coffee finally brought himself to take the news to Mora.

He tried to think of some gentle yet dramatic approach—but he could not. "It's over with," he told her bluntly. "Curt Morse will be a free man within three or four hours."

Like himself, she was at first unable to comprehend. Little by little he fed her the details, clinching the circumstances one by one, until the whole sudden, preposterous story of the victory was complete.

"You've done it," he said. "Never in all my born days did I see the beat. That boy was a gone goose if ever a man was. And it was your fool, bullheaded persistence that drug him out. I never seen more silly and pointless moves than that last one you made. But it worked!"

"Luck," said Mora dully.

"Luck ain't no name for it," agreed Old Man Coffee. "But no sensible person would ever have drawed near that luck."

Presently she said dully, "I'll have to pay off—pay off and get out. Well, it won't take long."

He sought for something to say. "I guess your own mine will be needing you bad for a while," he suggested.

She looked at him queerly. "I've got no mine."

"You—say, look here—"

"I had to sell out to put up that last reward."

"Sell out? You couldn't sell! Caved and full of water—"

"I know. But Sam Snowden—the old pirate, knew what it was. I had to take what he'd give—and like it."

"Why—girl!—you been lying to me? Why, you're bankrupt, then!"

"Yes," she said without expression, "I lied to you."

Old Man Coffee said explosively, "If I'd known—if I hadn't took your word—" He stopped. In the face of the fact that her fanatic fight had, after all, pulled Curt Morse through, it was pointless to say that he would have prevented her.

"He's wanting to see you now," he said gently at last.

"See him? I can't ever see him!"

"You can't see— Hey! What's this, now?"

"DON'T you see?" The words came out of her in a rush. "I can't help it if I'm a miner. I can't help it if things make it look like I'm a better miner than he is. I suppose I'll always be a miner. And he hates me for it. It isn't fair—but it's true!"

"Any pup in the world would be grateful for—"

"Grateful!" Mora flared up wildly. "Who wants gratitude? Don't you see how much worse it is now? When he finds out that I've run his mine—and I've run it well!—and finds out where the money came from that brought the lawyers, and ran down McGovern—"

"If that pup has the guts to look cross-eyed—"

Mora cried out crazily, "It isn't that! But down in the bottom of his heart he'll always hold it against me. If ever he made love to me again, I'd feel—*I'd feel as if I had bought him.* I couldn't stand it! I couldn't!"

"Mora," said Old Man Coffee stubbornly, "you got to see him anyhow."

Mora came to her feet like a jumped deer. "I won't! I won't never! I'll be out of here in an hour, and after that this country can't hold me any more. And if you try to follow me, or help him follow me, you old ground owl—"

Old Man Coffee looked upset. "I guess I might's well show down my hand," he decided. He stepped to the door and shouted down trail. "Hey, Curt! Curt, come up here!"

Mora went white. "What—"

"I made him wait down there behind the tailings until I could break the news," Old Man Coffee was explaining; "I didn't want to scare you, like seeing a ghost. He—he knows, Mora. I told him about what you've done."

THE girl's eyes looked enormous in her white face, and her hands were pressed to her temples.

Curt Morse stood in the doorway of his shack, hands in pockets, making it look as if it were cut for a smaller race. The months he had spent out of the sun had not changed the fact that he was strapping big, with rocky shoulders fit to step off under a five-hundred-pound pack.

His back was to the light so that Old Man Coffee could not see the expression on his face. But he could see Mora's face, and it was full of white panic. In spite of her field boots and rough dungarees he had never seen her look so slim and fragile, or so out of place in that gaunt, harsh-edged background.

"Let me by!" Mora cried out in a smothered voice. "I—want to get out of here!"

Curt Morse said, "Now, shucks; I don't know as you do." He was grinning a little, but gently and sorrowfully. And now Old Man Coffee saw what perhaps he should have seen before—that all the black bitterness and pride had gone out of this youngster; and the hardness that had come into him was a fine kind of hardness, letting his brain work again in a new and better way. Old Man Coffee was looking at a mining man.

"You don't want to go any place," Curt said.

Suddenly Mora's spirit seemed to buckle and collapse altogether. Tears flooded her cheeks, and she hid her face in her hands.

Curt Morse said, "Shucks, now." He stepped forward and picked her up, cradling her in his arms as if she were a child.

"Thanks for the autograph!" *Adolph Schus*

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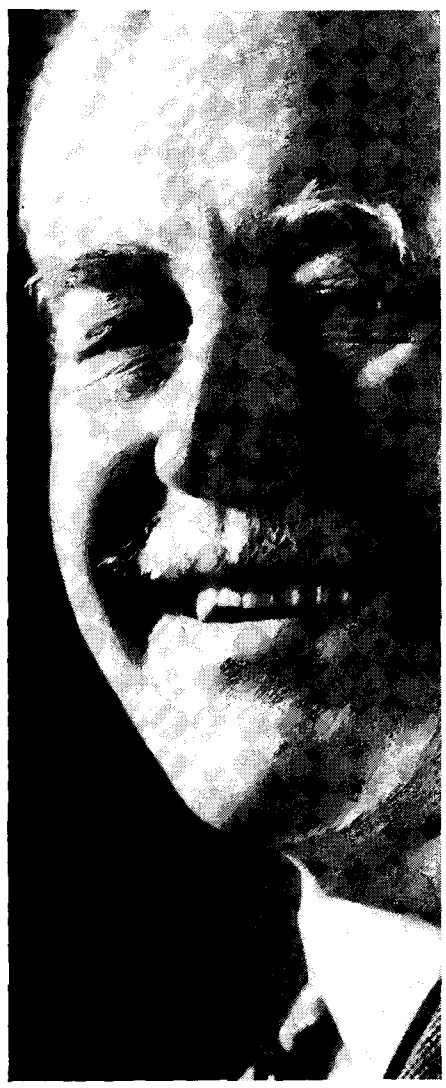

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●

Bearing Down on Short Selling

Continued from page 11

Your broker will accept the order from you but in order to get just five shares he must buy them from a brokerage house which specializes in odd-lot orders. This odd-lot brokerage house will get that day many orders from many other brokerage houses for the same stock, totaling many hundreds, even thousands of shares. This house buys shares in lots of 100 on the Exchange and then distributes these shares among the various odd-lot customers. To do this, therefore, an odd-lot house must frequently stock up with shares. It must estimate the possible volume of orders which it may receive that day and will often buy that many shares in the market in order to be able to fill orders when they come along.

Odd-Lot Broker Takes Risks

It very often happens, however, that the odd-lot broker is mistaken and finds himself with more shares on his hands than he feels sure of disposing of. Of course, he could just sell the possible excess outright on the Exchange. But, on the other hand, he feels he must hold on to them to take care of the orders should they materialize. In the meantime, while he holds this stock he is forced to take a risk on its going down in price. To enable him to hold on to the stock and at the same time eliminate the risk, he can sell the same amount short and thus hedge in the same way that a grain dealer hedges. Then if the stock he holds goes down he will lose on it, but he will make as much on the stock which he has sold short.

If the odd-lot broker could not thus hedge by means of the short sale he would have to accept the gamble and, hence, would have to make a heavy charge to the odd-lot customer or small investor to cover his risk.

In the fourth place, Stock Exchange experts deny that short selling introduces into the market recurring depressing factors with the result that in the incessant struggle between the bulls and the bears stocks are subject to excessive fluctuations. Mr. Edward Meeker, the economist of the Exchange, has made an extensive study of stock price fluctuations compared with the fluctuations of the prices of other articles not traded in on the Exchange. His studies reveal that in the commodity markets, for instance, the price swings in things like copper, hides and petroleum are at least as great as and in some cases greater than the price swings of commodities like cotton and wheat which are traded in on established exchanges. In the case of stocks, he has compared the price fluctuations of twenty bank stocks not listed and traded in on the over-the-counter market with the fluctuations in the price of 337 industrial stocks and 33 railroad stocks traded in on the New York Stock Exchange. The fluctuations in bank stocks have been enormously greater.

Fifth, defenders of short selling deny emphatically that the prolonged depression in the stock market has been due to that cause and to bear raiding. The Exchange has a rigid rule against bear raiding. And it will come as a matter of surprise to many to be told that the New York Stock Exchange, which in one sense is a trade association, unlike most trade associations rigorously enforces its ethical rules. Brokers are constantly being summoned on the carpet to explain transactions which have the appearance of being violations of the Exchange's rules. In the case of so-called bear raids the Exchange has investigated some fifty or sixty cases, calling the brokers and examining their books. The president of the Exchange has said that it has not substantiated a single charge.

Mr. Whitney points out that in the case of bonds, which are usually steadier in price than shares and in which there is and can be no short selling, the declines have been far greater and more ridiculous than in shares. Declines have been greater in the case of unlisted shares and quite as great and even greater in the case of many commodities other than stocks.

The real causes of the decline in securities is attributed to three chief factors:

1. Institutional investors, because of the laws which govern their investments, have frequently been compelled to sell, thus depressing prices.

2. Investment trusts and security-holding companies under the terms of their indentures have been compelled to unload stocks on the market.

3. Many corporations, as well as individuals, who have carried their surplus invested in stocks have been compelled to unload them in order to procure cash for business purposes.

The Stock Exchange declares the whole effect and extent of short selling has been greatly magnified. The highest point reached by the short interest in all stocks was May 25th when it amounted to 5,589,700 shares. This, according to Mr. Whitney, amounted to a little over two-fifths of one per cent of the 1,305,516,716 shares of the issues listed on the Exchange.

The two great services of short selling are said to be to restrain inflation when stocks go too high and to check declines when the market tends to sink. When stocks move upward too high—which of course is not a good thing—there is in the market always a professional speculating element which knows security values, which knows that stocks are too high and which therefore sells short. This tends to check the unwarranted rise and keep stock values near their true level.

The greatest function of short selling, according to its supporters, is that it furnishes a cushion for the market when it tends to sink. The man who sells short must very soon buy. As long as he remains short he remains in the market as a potential buyer of stocks.

An Old Trader Speaks

A final justification of short selling is given by the Exchange. That is that it is essential to an active and open market. As long as there is a short interest in the market an owner of stock can be sure to bring his shares into the Exchange and find a buyer for them. To prove this a stock exchange in another city is pointed to—one where there is no short selling and where out of 110 stocks there are no buyers for 95 of them.

With all of these reasons I am in agreement, save the two chief ones—namely, that short selling acts as a restraint on inflation and supplies an effective cushion when stock prices tend to shrink.

If short selling really acts as a restraint on inflation, which was it back in 1928 and 1929 when the market needed restraint? The shorts then had simply ceased to exist. Here the argument that the short interest is not large enough to be important nullifies this one about acting as a restraint on inflation. As a matter of fact, it really never is large enough or important enough to operate as a brake on a runaway market. You will usually find the short interest biggest not when the market is running high but when it is running low. It was utterly absent in 1929, when a brake was needed. It reached its peak in May, 1931, when the market needed not brakes but motive power.

Next, does short selling act as a cushion under declining markets? I discussed this with an old trader, a former member of the Stock Exchange, now retired, who engaged in many short-selling campaigns. He said:

"Many years ago, when I was a younger man, during the big Northern Pacific corner in the great Hill-Harriman fight, when Northern Pacific went to 150, I knew it was ridiculously high. That was the time, I thought, to sell short, because I knew the stock must come down. I therefore sold short. Instead of going down the stock went up much higher and I was forced to cover at a heavy loss. When it got to 200 I knew the price was insane and must collapse. I again sold short, hoping to recoup my losses. So did many other unseasoned newcomers. But again the stock soared instead of declining and again I had to cover at a heavy loss. I was in a corner and that stock went to 1,000 before it broke.

The Reading Railroad Case

"One day an old trader came to me. 'Son,' he said, 'you are behaving very foolishly. Never sell short on a rising market. If you do you will get cleaned out. Wait until the market has reached the top and has actually started down and gone down 15 to 20 points. Then sell short. Then your sales will help to depress the market more and give an added push to an already gathering momentum downward. You will have everybody else selling with you and you can cover on the way down and repeat the process several times.' I always remembered that lesson. That is the way I did it thereafter. That is the way the professionals do it always. They wait until stocks have started down and then they start selling short and cover at the lower levels which their own short selling helps the stock to reach."

Now let us look at some actual cases. Happily the figures recently supplied by the Stock Exchange make this possible for the first time.

The Reading Railroad has outstanding 1,400,000 shares of common stock. About seventy per cent, or about 1,000,000 shares, of it is accounted for in the hands of two large railroads and several large stockholders. These million shares are never in the market for sale. At most the available supply of stock for sale is about 400,000 shares. But as a matter of fact, very little of this is for sale because the stock is hardly ever traded in and appears very seldom among market quotations. In August there was a little trading and the shares sold at 65. Then some short selling started toward the end of August and the price broke rapidly and continued to go down for three weeks.

This was the time when the small short interest ought to have come forward and supported the price by covering. But did it? On the contrary, as the price fell, the shorts, instead of buying, sold more. When the stock started down August 26th the short interest was 1,600 shares. A week later it was 7,000 shares. In three weeks it was 31,000 shares. After over three weeks of decline the price hit bottom—

(Continued on page 38)

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Bearing Down on Short Selling

Continued from page 36

40¼—and all this time the shorts, instead of cushioning, actually pounded the stock down. Then on the 21st they found themselves trapped. As they sold, railroad interests which wanted more Reading stock bought. When the shorts tried to cover there was very little stock for sale. It did shoot up then suddenly in a day to 75 but promptly sank back to about 60 or well under the level at which it started. The point to be illustrated, however, is that the shorts failed to appear for three weeks as the stock declined and did not attempt to cover until the price was reduced by thirty per cent.

On July 31st common stock of American and Foreign Power Corporation sold at around 27. The short interest outstanding that day was 125,160 shares. The short interest went up and down within narrow limits. The price went up and down in the same way and finally touched 30½ on August 20th. That day the short interest was around 122,700 shares. Then the price broke and the stock declined in price for one full month from 30½ to 14½. It was cut in half. Now on August 20th, when the price broke, did the shorts come forward to cover? They did not. Instead they sold more. Two weeks later the price had declined to 22 but the short interest had increased to 141,000. In other words, the lower the price went the more the shorts sold. A month after the break in price it had sunk down to 19, but the short interest was still higher than it was when the decline began. The shorts did not begin to cover in earnest until around the 21st, when they were literally forced to do so by the Exchange's ban on short selling and because the price sank to 14⅝. Even then all the short covering exerted only a little influence on the price, sending it up three or four points. And even that was lost a few days later. Then by October 1st, six weeks after the price break, when the stock was down to 12¾, there were still outstanding 70,000 shares in the short interest which made no effort to cover.

When Short Selling is Destructive

I believe there is now good ground for the belief that short selling does act to depress individual stocks here and there and that it seldom if ever acts to supply any effective support for a declining market. On these counts, therefore, I find myself in disagreement with the Stock Exchange. However, in spite of this, I do agree with it in the conclusion that on the whole the extent and effect of the short interest is very greatly exaggerated.

I do not adopt Mr. Whitney's calculation of comparing the total short interest of around five and one-half million shares with the total number of listed stocks. The short interest does not act directly against the market as a whole. It acts against particular stocks. On September 4th the short interest was 4,338,000 shares. But 2,622,000 of these or sixty per cent were the shares of just twenty out of the 939 stocks listed. But even on that basis the short interest equaled only about 1½ per cent of the shares in those twenty issues and perhaps not over five per cent of the floating supply of these stocks. I think it could be proved that, except in some cases, the shorts seldom produce the initial downward shove on shares. They rather go along with the market. The shorts usually sell stocks which are on their way down anyhow and at most, so far as the market as a whole is concerned, merely accelerate a movement which would take place without them.

Under ordinary conditions, therefore, short selling exercises little or no influence on the price levels of the market as a whole. It is far too slight to cope with the powerful inflationary force of long buying. It depresses individual stocks here and there over brief periods and, because of this, furnishes a problem in market ethics and economics which ought to be more fully studied. But at a time like this, when there are no buyers at best, when the slightest influence can discourage buyers and when the reflected influence of the stock market upon business morale is so great, every discouraging influence ought to be eliminated as far as possible. Short selling in times like these can become a more destructive force. And, hence, at such times it should be either eliminated altogether or curbed. On this point there is not much difference of opinion. The Stock Exchange has taken measures to limit short selling by promulgating some new rules governing it.

Better Than Long Buying

When a broker makes an offer to sell a stock short on the floor of the Exchange he is now obliged to announce that it is a short sale. Under these circumstances, if there is any long stock for sale, it must be given the preference by any buyer. The broker himself must offer his own long stocks for sale first. That is, if A places an order with the broker to sell 100 shares of Steel short and B places an order to sell 100 shares which he actually owns and is prepared to deliver, then the broker must give preference in selling to the order of B.

A second rule provides that no short sales can be executed at a lower price than the last preceding long or actual sale. Before this, short sellers desiring to depress the market could offer shares at constantly declining prices, thus demoralizing the price of that particular stock. Now, under the new rule, if A orders his broker to sell 100 shares of U. S. Steel short at 38, the broker cannot offer them as long as Steel is selling for more than 38. These rules have proved to be effective and the short interest has never risen again as high as it was before September 21st, when these rules were put into effect. Before September 21st it was over 4,000,000 shares. On October 28th, the last day for which figures have been given by the Exchange, it was 2,500,000.

As I have already said, I have been interested in this business of short selling for several years and have collected a large amount of the available data on it. For a good while I was a little bit excited about it. In the light of all that has happened I now believe that it is infinitely less dangerous, infinitely less harmful than its twin sister—long buying.

And this brings us back, as I promised at the outset, to the bull who is really the cause of all the trouble.

The Real Worry

Let us take a stock which we need not name and which is now priced at 23. Before the crash it was selling around 90. Now, which price is nearest the true value of that stock? My own opinion is that 23 is much closer to the actual value of that stock than 90 or 80 or 70. The liquidating value, including the value of all its patents, is less than 23. What did that other sixty-seven dollars in its price represent? It represented sheer speculation, sheer gamble on the future, sheer inflation or, if you will, just plain air.

An immense amount of havoc was worked on the public and investor, not by the Stock Exchange or the bears or the shorts, but by the foolish public itself, aided by many blind bankers, in getting that stock up to 90 and selling it to thousands of foolish people—and many not so foolish otherwise. The stock has gone down, not because of the bears, but because it went too high and all the people who lost money on it blame, not themselves for monkeying with a business they knew nothing about, but the bears, who really do know what they are about.

Everybody knows that the old, mad, dizzy prices of the crazy and now defunct bull market of 1929 were the work of folly. In spite of that, everybody is now wishing for the return of those stupid prices. Everybody, therefore, is in wrath against the bears or anybody else who seems to be in the way of a return to our former insanity. Instead of worrying about the bears and the shorts now, we had better worry about taking measures to prevent a return to all the sins of inflation from which we suffered in 1928 and 1929 and which we are now paying for. Our present plight is nothing more nor less than the headache after that big spree. The headache is caused not by the pains which we suffer from now but by the bad liquor we drank in 1929.

"Photograph it for the Medical Journal? I should say not!"

Henry Anton

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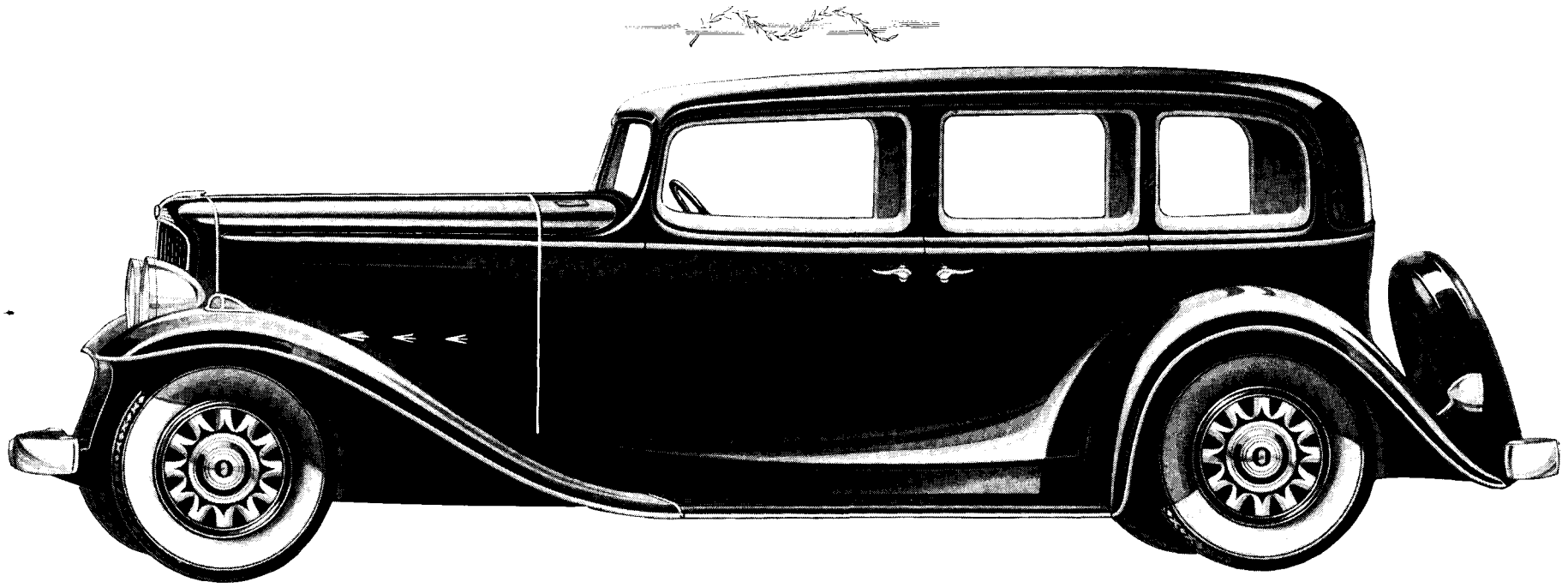
AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY

Now Buys a Nash!



NASH now inaugurates a new basis of value in the low-to-medium price field—puts a new type of motor car performance within the reach of many families who have always had a feeling that they would like to own the best.

At $777 and up, f. o. b. factory, Nash now offers you a car with the new X-Dual frame, huskiest backbone ever created for any car—a car with dash-regulated, *full range* Ride Control—and with both pistons and connecting rods of Bohnalite aluminum alloy, a factor of swift acceleration plus long motor life not yet found in other cars. This Nash is longer in wheelbase than other cars of comparable price—lower—with a powerful, high-compression, *7-bearing* motor—wider rear tread and wider seats. It has the new Slip-Stream body with V-radiator, slanting non-glare windshield, and Beavertail back, very smart and very practical. This new Nash design minimizes wind resistance, thus increasing speed and conserving gasoline.

The body is completely sound-proofed and temperature insulated. The transmission is synchro-shift with *silent gear selection* and *silent second.* Free wheeling is of the positive, selective type, which adds pleasure but no complications to driving.

Five demountable wire or wood wheels are standard equipment on this and all other Nash models, *at no extra cost.*

NASH BIG SIX PRICES

116-in. wheelbase, all prices f. o. b. factory

Coupe (2-pass.)	$777
Coupe (4-pass. with rear deck seat)	825
Sedan (5-pass. 4-doors) *Illustrated above*	840
Town Sedan (5-pass. 2-doors)	825
Sedan Convertible (5-pass. 2-doors)	935
Convertible Roadster (4-pass. with rear deck seat)	*Price on Application*

NASH STEPS OUT AHEAD

BIG SIX	STANDARD EIGHT	SPECIAL EIGHT	ADVANCED EIGHT	AMBASSADOR EIGHT
116-inch Wheelbase	*121-inch Wheelbase*	*128-inch Wheelbase*	*133-inch Wheelbase*	*142-inch Wheelbase*
$777 *to* $935	$965 *to* $1095	$1270 *to* $1395	$1595 *to* $1785	$1855 *to* $2055

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WHAT A PITY more husbands don't STEAL from their wives!"

"I caught my husband using my Mum the other day," runs a recent letter to us.

"He looked a little sheepish, then he braced up and said, 'Well, if you ask me, we men need this about as much as you women. We certainly perspire more than you do. Some of the men I meet every day make me wonder about myself.'

"How I wish more husbands would steal Mum from their wives—especially some of the ones I dance with occasionally! Of course *I* can't tell them. But *you* can. Won't you?"

We will . . . We must admit, men, that Nature has one perspiration system for all human beings. And men, just the same as women, are victims of perspiration odor.

Needless victims, too. For you can be rid of it in just half a minute!

After your morning shower, just rub a little Mum under each arm. No fuss, no bother. But with that simple precaution, you're safe for the whole day.

Mum is an instant cream deodorant, harmless to skin and clothing. And it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It just destroys objectionable body odor.

Slip a jar in your traveling bag—it doesn't spill or waste. Use it when you dress—and perspiration odor can never be detected on *your* person. You can get Mum at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West Street, New York, N. Y.

FEET PERSPIRE AND BURN? When your feet ache and burn, just rub them with a little Mum. It's wonderfully soothing and destroys every trace of perspiration odor. Keeps hose and shoe linings fresh.

Old Enough

Continued from page 15

across to where a piece of wet cloth floated.

"Who is it, Davis?"

"Mr. Rathborn, sir—an' I think—he looks done, sir."

They found Wheelock, the quartermaster's striker, jammed behind a manifold, stunned but showing faint signs of life. The ensign was beyond help. All the time the boat seemed strangely inert, rolling slightly but otherwise so still that they were not quite sure that she was going down. Then a soft bump shook her. She stirred once more, lurched over to starboard and settled into the mud.

Needham had the flashlight now, its disk of bright light shining over the deck above. When it came to a point directly under where the conning tower joined the deck it paused, disclosing a single jet of white water like a bar of hot iron shooting down into the water below. Elsewhere the hull seemed to be tight. Yet even that small stream was too much—and more leaks might be hidden below the black surface.

"Laid the conning tower wide open, didn't they?" Baker muttered grimly.

Needham nodded, then flashed the light overhead. "Jorgens! Millet! The voice tube to the torpedo-room should be well above the water. Find it and break it open."

He turned toward Worth now, waded across black water to where the older man clung to a valve wheel high up on the bulkhead. Their eyes had scarcely met in the crowded seconds since the collision. They met now, briefly.

"We're not through yet, sir." Needham spoke simply, without any air of assumed optimism.

"It was smart work, Needham. A good bargain. Two destroyers for one submarine— Well done." Yet as he spoke they all knew that nothing had shaken the settled conviction behind those blue eyes. The "37" had blundered into a lucky encounter, the weathered, grim face seemed to say, and now she would pay—in full—for her good fortune. "Too bad you won't—"

It was then that Jorgens coughed. A familiar sound, yet as they heard it every man stiffened, stared toward him and saw a thin wisp of greenish yellow vapor curling up among nested pipes and cables.

Needham splashed over toward it, followed closely by Baker. They found the chlorine emerging from an air duct leading from forward. Hurriedly they stuffed it with cloth.

"Got the tube open now, sir," Millet called.

"Torpedo-room," Needham spoke into the jagged end of the pipe. "Making any water?"

"Tight as a drum, sir." Lentz's voice reached them all in the general hush. "That you, Captain?"

"Yes. Call—"

WITHOUT the slightest warning a terrific hammering blow struck the hull, ripped men from their perches and flung them into the water.

"Ash cans!" Baker exclaimed unnecessarily as he got his head above water again. "They were lucky that time. They won't come that close again."

Although it seemed that the depth charge had detonated against the hull itself, a hasty examination revealed no further damage. Even the lights were still on. And waning hope revived as, a moment later, another depth charge let go with much less effect.

In the face of this new development Needham considered a moment.

Perhaps the destroyers had sighted a patch of oil, splintered deck battens, or wreckage. Yet the instant that the submarine's pumps started their listening tubes would pick up the sound—if the tubes were manned.

Needham stiffened suddenly, peered up in an unconscious effort to see what was going on far above them. He was sure there had been only three torpedo boats. He was almost sure that two of them were beyond attacking submarines. And the "37" conning tower had scraped along half the length of the third boat's keel!

"I DON'T believe they have any listening tubes," he exclaimed abruptly. "We've got to get rid of this water in a hurry anyhow." He found the severed voice tube again. "Lentz! Tell the chief engineer I said to put suction on his bilges and the C-O-C."

"But, Needham!" In all the time he had been aboard Worth had never once overstepped the nice line that separates a passenger, whatever his rank, from a ship's commanding officer. Yet this apparently insane order shattered his restraint. "They'll pick us up right away." Worth was almost guilty of glancing at the men for support.

"Perhaps they will, sir," the younger man conceded mildly. "But I'll bet three to one our conning tower wrecked their listening gear. And either we get this water out in a hurry or we're done."

The other men watched the two tensely. One taste of what depth charges could do had been more than enough. But the ring of set faces remained expressionless. Worth nodded slightly and lapsed into grim silence.

The pounding of the pumps seemed deafening when they took up their task. But it was heartening to watch the growing swirl where the water drew down into the bilge suction. It was more heartening to feel the solid deck underfoot and to watch the water subside until it was only waist deep. But there it stopped abruptly.

"Strainer's clogged," a discouraged voice announced.

Needham listened tensely, but no sound reached them from the surface above save the remote drag and rasp of the sea on the hull.

"How much water have you got aft?" he called through the voice tube.

" 'Bout two and a half foot, sir—and gainin' a bit. Good for an hour yet, maybe an hour and a half."

In the sudden hush that followed, two or three men coughed hoarsely, reminding them that death was still generating beyond the forward bulkhead.

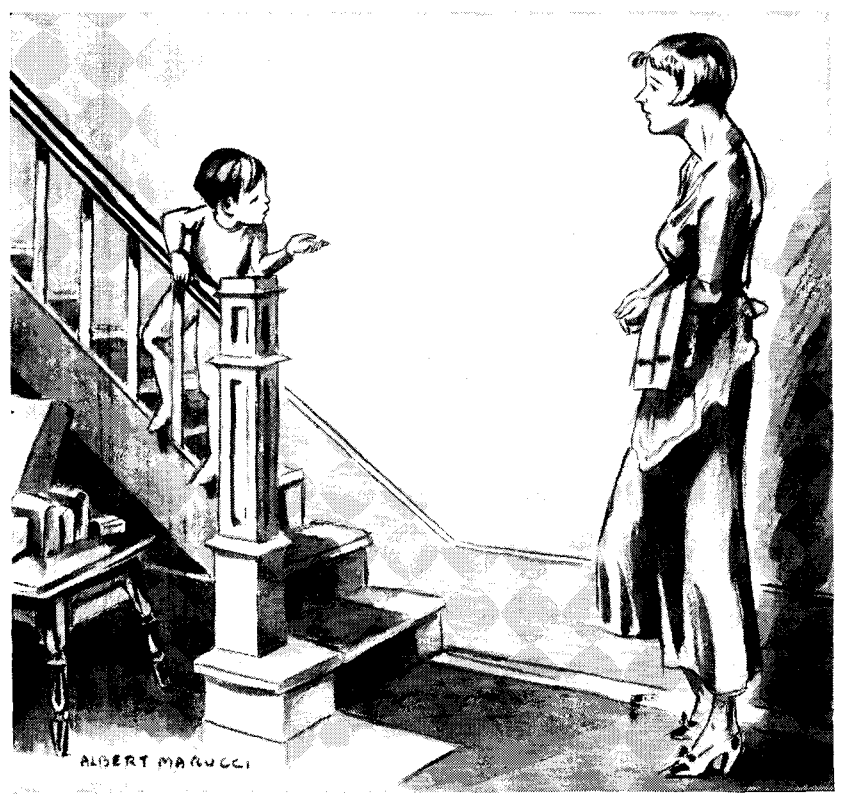
"Shift suction to the for'rd battery compartment," Needham directed tersely. He glanced at his useless watch. "An hour." And the boat could not rise until these compartments were emptied. If they did nothing, lay still, the Germans might waste no further ash cans, leave them to the creeping death of slow leaks. Again sound judgment would urge a few precautionary depth charges. Either way there was no hope. But with the control-room cleared there might be a chance. He studied the black water.

THEN his eyes narrowed and he turned to the after bulkhead. That battery compartment was dry. Its strainer would be clear. By simply opening the door most of the water would run aft where it could be taken up by the pump. But also it would generate chlorine until the batteries could be dried.

How long would it take? He considered hastily. A few seconds for the water to run through the door. Five minutes, ten minutes for the pumps to clear the compartment again. How much chlorine would they get in the control-room? He could not guess. But there was no other chance.

"We'll let this water aft into the battery-room," he announced quietly. "As soon as it's through the door batten

(Continued on page 42)



"Mom, oh, Mom—Pop says, where did you put his socks, and if you say where they should be—they ain't there!"

Albert Marucci

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Why wait for other cars to follow Studebaker?

SOMETIMES it takes a serious accident to impress a motorist with the ever-present need for Safety Glass. But to most of us there is not a single sound argument against it, except possibly its cost.

Today, even that barrier has been removed by Studebaker, motordom's great pioneer and pace-maker. The Triumphant New Studebakers come to you protected all around—in all windshields and all windows of all models—with the very finest kind of Safety Plate Glass. And for this insurance against injuries and disfigurement—this shield of safety—Studebaker charges you nothing extra.

This decisive step in safety is one of the 32 sweeping betterments that place Studebaker farther than ever in the forefront of motoring progress. It starts a movement that will startle other car makers into similar action eventually just as car after car has followed Studebaker to Free Wheeling.

But why should *you* wait? Every light of common glass that smashes, shatters and maims this year will be a counterpart of an accident that might as readily occur in your car, if it is unprotected by Safety Plate Glass. And remember Safety Glass in the windshield alone is not enough.

Studebaker not only gives you Safety Plate Glass all around, *at no extra charge*, but such further safety assurances as armor-plated bodies, exceptionally low center of gravity, automatic starting, reflex tail lights, non-breakable steering wheels, no-glare windshields, steel running boards, extra powerful brakes, and vastly finer Free Wheeling plus new *fast-action* Synchronized Shifting. And you actually pay less than ever. Even with Safety Glass all around, the Triumphant New Studebakers are drastically lower in price!

PRESIDENT EIGHT . . . $1690 to $1990
122 horsepower, 135″ wheelbase — *Reductions up to $560*

COMMANDER EIGHT . . $1350 to $1560
101 horsepower, 125″ wheelbase — *Reductions up to $235*

DICTATOR EIGHT . . . . $980 to $1125
85 horsepower, 117″ wheelbase — *Reductions up to $115*

STUDEBAKER SIX . . . . . $840 to $985
80 horsepower, 117″ wheelbase — *Prices at the factory*

Bumpers and spare tires extra . . State or Regal equipment, $105

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GIVE YOU *SAFETY GLASS AT NO EXTRA CHARGE*

in all windshields··in all windows··in all models

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STEP INTO ... this one

George Sargent, Atlanta pro and former president of the P.G.A. wears and recommends the Walk-Over FAIRWAY golf shoe.

GET INTO a pair of Walk-Over *Fairways*. Here's staunch support to hold you firmly rooted to the ground as you whip into the ball . . . sturdy Walk-Over construction to withstand the strain. Here's soft walking comfort for 18 or 72 holes, assured by the moccasin-type toe and the unlined deerskin leather. Here's easy leg comfort through long matches. The Fairway gives it to you in its sole that's built not merely to bend but to rock, too, and throw you forward with each step. Here's perfect fit for which all Walk-Over lasts are famous . . . scientific spike placement so there's no chance of slipping on your pivot. Here's the black-and-white style that's the choice of leading golfers everywhere.

You get all this—all you want or need in a golf shoe for $6.50. Now follow through! See the Walk-Over dealer in your neighborhood today.

● FAIRWAY—Black-and-white deerskin. Soft toe. Unlined. Pro golf studs. Also with rubber or leather sole without spikes. Each $6.50. New Walk-Over prices for smartly styled sport and street shoes are lowest consistent with superior quality.

WALK·OVER

MADE BY GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Old Enough

Continued from page 40

down again. We'll get some gas in here. How much, I don't know. But when the battery-rooms are dry we can get under way."

Worth looked on in silence, his face still grim but his eyes curiously puzzled now, as if matters had suddenly taken an inexplicable turn. Baker, Jorgens and the others all moved toward the forward door.

"Aye, aye, sir. You give the word."

"If the gas is not too strong we'll handle it from here, blow the tanks and see if she'll lift," Needham informed the motor-room. "Motors all right?"

"For a while yet," the chief engineer replied without enthusiasm.

"Stand by," Needham directed. Then as the men stiffened, "Open her up."

Instantly the water began to drop down from their waists. It reached their knees swiftly. But chlorine vapor appeared in the lights of the battery compartment. A slight shift of air brought it forward. Jorgens coughed, was answered instantly by a chorus. Worth opened his collar, deliberately moved closer to the door as the water dropped until only a thin sheet trickled over the sill.

"Close the door," Needham gasped and lapsed into a spasm of coughing. "Put the pump on the after battery compartment." A valve wheel twirled and the throbbing of pumps redoubled.

The gas had struck quickly. That was evident in the dry, rasping coughing that rang through the control-room. But also the boat was quickening perceptibly to the lift of the swell and men were grinning through streams of tears.

"We'll have to chance it on the surface now, sir," Needham rasped in Worth's ear. "Got to get air."

For the first time the senior officer found himself hoping. Perhaps it was the confidence that he saw reflected in the faces about him, perhaps it was in the pose of the men as they stood there, their eyes on Needham, ready, alert, in spite of pain-racked faces. Whatever it was, something of the invincible unconcern of the boat reached his gas-fogged mind.

Abruptly the bilges were dry. Needham moved over and tried each compartment himself. All dry except the motor-room clear aft.

WORTH looked around him. The control-room was familiar again. Every man was at his station except young Rathborn and Wheelock. As the passenger looked, the latter raised his head from between his knees and grinned feebly with bloodshot eyes.

"Be all right in—in—a—minute, sir." He seemed worried at seeing Worth's comparatively strange face, then looked around, found Needham and relaxed. Still a little dazed, he looked at Captain Worth. "'Sall right, sir. The boat's—"

"Sit tight. We'll be up soon," Worth heard his own voice answering with a surprising confidence.

A rumble came to them now, faint yet steadily waxing, an even beat that started slowly, then mounted into the familiar rapid pound of a destroyer's propellers. Was it a new boat or the one survivor up above?

"We'll wait a bit and see," Needham answered the unspoken question aloud. The pain in his chest had blazed into a fierce fire now. And he could see a slow, numbing weakness creeping into the faces about him.

The solid jar of a depth charge was mercifully distant. Yet it was a warning, grim, ominous. No longer moving, their every sense straining to read the direction of those rumbling screws, they waited, instinctively gripping pipes, stanchions, anything that promised support when the final blow fell.

Captain Worth permitted himself a grim smile. With a suddenly cleared perception he saw what was happening up above. The surviving destroyer was on a straight course now, headed for port. A few moments more and the danger would be past. The luck of these youngsters had held after all. As the gas bit again at his chest he was glad with an impersonal pleasure that was outside of himself, glad that they would have their chance to win back to port, receive the credit due them—and go on under the tighter rein that he would devise for them.

All experience, all memory of past shocks, was annihilated by the devastating force that struck the "37" at that instant. A vast, soft impulse seemed to lift men off their feet, send them soaring to the tune of jangled murmurs that faded abruptly into silence. The sharp outlines of the compartment flowed together, merged and fled into solid night.

Overhead the single destroyer sped toward port after that one last precautionary depth charge.

THE murmur of coughing came to Needham from the remote distance as a vaguely familiar sound. He thought his eyes were open, yet was too dazed to know. Impenetrable blackness weighed down upon him. His hand found water half covering his body. The coughing, he realized now, came from his own throat. He moved, collided with another figure. His hands found other bodies, stirring feebly.

Dimly, as a man sees through thick fog, he was aware of an insistent compulsion beating at his wandering thoughts.

Surface—that was it—they were going to surface.

"Stand by your stations," a hoarse voice croaked weakly from somewhere near at hand. An insane impulse to laugh aloud came to him as he realized that the voice was his own.

"We'll take her up now!"

Between that order and the next conscious sensation stretched a long period of vague wandering. Scarcely half alive, more than half unconscious, the crew of "37" fumbled mechanically at valves no man could see, obeyed orders no man would have understood without the promptings of habit.

Then abruptly the boat filled with clean, sharp air. Dully the men in C-O-C heard pounding on the bulkheads. A door slammed open and the torpedo-room force crowded in.

"We're on the surface, sir!" Lentz peered curiously at yellow, drawn faces. "And you brung us up into a thick fog. We're all right 'cept we got no more connin' tower than an oil drum."

Needham wavered, pulled himself erect with an effort and glanced around at half-recumbent figures.

"Where is Captain Worth?"

A heavy, crouching shape lifted a gray head, looked across the room with the familiar grim smile.

"Of course the '37' is all right," Worth spoke laboriously. But his blue eyes twinkled across at Needham. "Everything is all right, but I think—" he paused again while his wandering glance gathered in the others to hear his confession—"I think I'm too old to understand submarines."

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In Pursuit of an Actor

Continued from page 19

a camp chair on the observation platform. This was going to be good. It was cool out here and dark, there were lumpy black mountains on the skyline and there wasn't a soul about, or was there? She took off her spectacles to look and saw him. Something inside of her went flip-flop and lay down. She put on her spectacles again. She sat.

He struck a match and lighted his pipe and she saw his profile as the match flared and the set look of his face and the crinkle in his hair. She would have to do whatever there was to be done. Even if he knew her he wouldn't speak, and certainly he wouldn't speak if he didn't know her, for he was English. She felt inadequate and young for the first time in years and her hands were cold.

"Hot in those drawing-rooms," she said.

"I should judge that it might be," he said.

"'I should judge that it might be.'" So that was the way he talked. Not "Sure" or "You said it, sister," or "Yes, ma'am." She had never heard him talk.

"HAVEN'T you a drawing-room?" she asked, innocently enough, for she knew what he made.

"Hardly," he answered. "I should feel like a zebra in a zoo."

"A zebra?" she ventured.

"A dressed-up horse," he said very distinctly. "Like an actor. For exhibition purposes only."

"You don't like actors?"

"No."

"Actresses?"

"No."

"There's an actress on this train," she volunteered. "A famous actress. Graziella Boone."

He laughed at that. "She's not an actress," he said.

"Why isn't she?" asked Graziella.

"Because nothing she does is real. She's just a cheap little impostor."

"That's a lie," said Graziella hotly. "You don't know anything about her."

"I don't want to know anything about her."

He sat for a moment and then he said, "I'll go in." He went in. When the screen door opened again, she didn't look up.

"Still here?" said Holland.

She looked up. He was carrying a worn pigskin bag, a book and an overcoat. She looked at him until he turned away. The train, slowing down, drew to a stop.

"I'm getting off here, Miss Boone," said Holland.

"Good-by," said Graziella.

He hesitated. "Good luck," he said.

"Thanks," said Graziella.

"Just one thing more," said Holland. "Your English accent. It's wrong. Get a teacher who is competent, someone who knows."

"Twelve million people like it," said Graziella.

"I do not," he said, definitely, putting a long leg over the railing.

She watched him cross the platform, round the station and disappear. There was a cool breeze; the mesas weren't black now but purple. She sat until the train whistled and jerked. Then she dropped lightly over the railing.

He had set down his bag and was lighting his pipe when she came up with him.

"Where are you going?" asked Graziella.

"London eventually and then probably down to Wales. I have a cottage there on the sea. At Llangelynin."

"Spell it."

"I can't." He fussed with his pipe. He didn't look at her. He seemed younger. "Why did you leave the train?" he asked casually.

"Hot," said Graziella. "Dull."

"It'll be worse here," he said. "This is the desert and there's the dawn."

"Hello, dawn," said Graziella looking up at it. "You're all pink and blushing. You're out-of-date, dawn."

It appeared as they sat side by side on the edge of the rear platform of the station, facing the feed store and the Palace Hotel and the garage, that Holland couldn't get enough of the sun. He said so cryptically.

"Import from England," he said. "London born and orphanage bred. My people were actors—ghastly bad actors in a fourth-rate traveling company. My cradle was the lid of a trunk. I can remember a room in Whitechapel. My mother died there. I'm writing a play about her. But mostly I remember the orphanage and the war. . . . I haven't an education. That's why I read. I can't get enough. . . . And, by the way, I wasn't looking at myself in that mirror. I was looking at you."

"Yes," said Graziella.

There was a silence.

"Not that I know why I should have told you this," said Holland. "Just a cheap little confession scene. Shall we walk?"

"If you like," said Graziella.

They walked up one meager street and down another.

"My feet hurt," said Graziella. "And I'm hungry. Can't we get something to eat?"

They sat facing each other across a narrow table in a booth.

"Orange juice," said Graziella to the lolloping boy who came for their order.

"There ain't any," said the boy.

"Have it made," said Graziella.

After her orange juice she smoked one of Holland's cigarettes and looked at Holland. He ate ham and eggs and toast. He drank two cups of coffee. The lolloping boy took up his position against the opposite wall and stared at Graziella. A man in a white apron passing back and forth through a swinging door, stared. A man in overalls went by the booth several times and looked in.

"They know you," said Holland. "There's going to be a crowd. Let's go."

"Where?" said Graziella.

"Perhaps we can pick up a car and drive about until your train comes in."

"My train is gone."

"There's always another one, isn't there?"

"The one I had was the best," said Graziella.

THEY picked up a car at the garage, a small, brown open car. A crowd, gathering around the doorway, looked in. They drove out through the crowd. Graziella held up her tanned little hand in salute. She smiled her familiar smile and the crowd, released, came to life. "Boone" . . . "Boone" . . . Two boys on bicycles raced them pantingly but were soon left behind. They were clear of the town, heading where?

"It doesn't matter," said Graziella.

"But it does," insisted Holland. "I can't take things so easily."

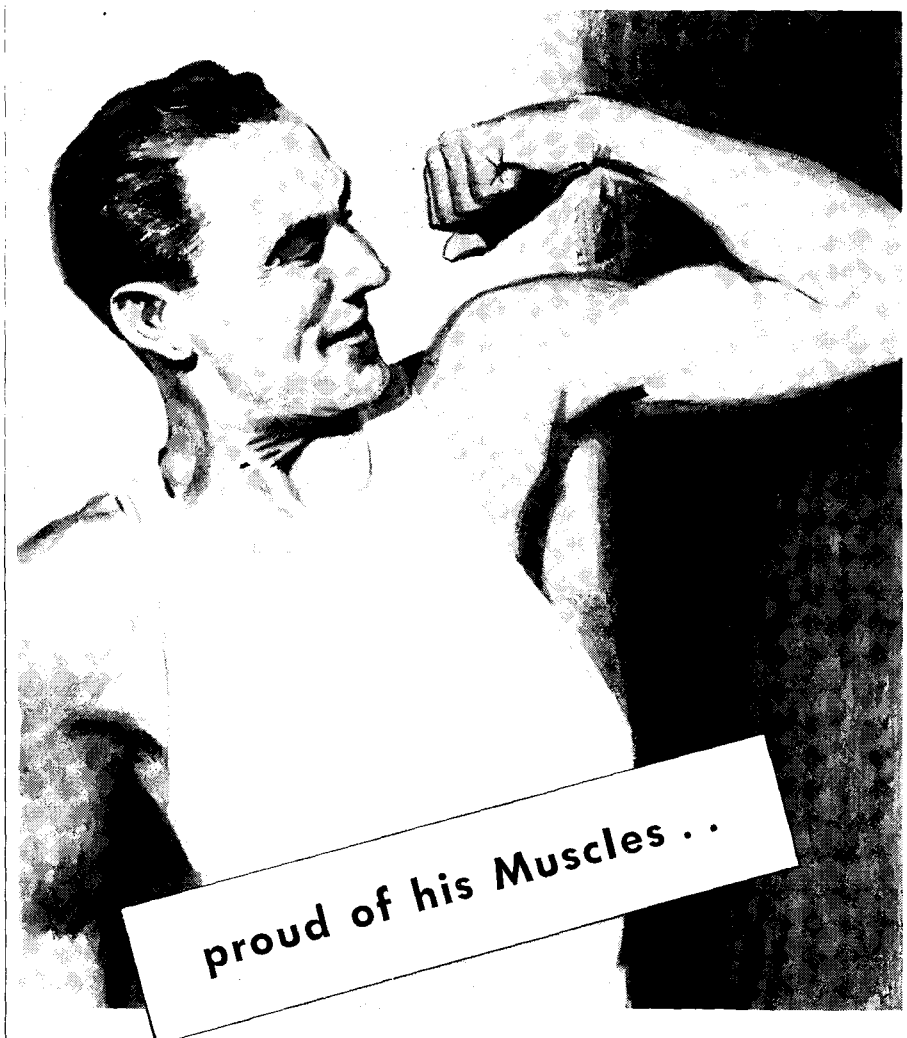
"You took us easily," said Graziella. "Benny and me."

"I wasn't important to either of you. I was muffing the whole thing. The big scene hadn't been taken."

"You dodged that, didn't you?"

(Continued on page 44)

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



. . . careless of his GUMS

and he has "pink tooth brush"!

YOU didn't get those hard muscles by sitting in a chair! It takes stiff *exercise* to make hard muscles. And it takes regular exercise to make hard, vigorous *gums!*

If you ate coarse foods—a cave-man's food—your gums would be getting the stimulation they need. But the foods of civilization are creamy and tender (look over your next meal!). And day by day your gums have become more relaxed, more flabby, more touchy.

If you haven't got "pink tooth brush", ten to one you *will* have it—and before very long.

"Pink tooth brush" can dull your teeth. It can lead to gingivitis and pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. It may even endanger the *soundness* of your teeth. It looks innocent—BUT

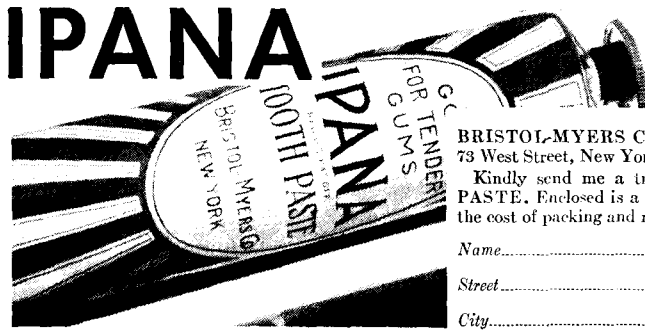
Better Harden Your Gums with Ipana and Massage!

Before "pink tooth brush" causes you trouble, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. But each time, squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. You'll like the taste of it—and the ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, works more effectively if *left* on the gums.

In two or three days your teeth will look whiter, brighter. Before a month is up, your gums will be firmer. Use Ipana with massage regularly—and your gums will be as hard as a prize-fighter's muscles, and you *won't* have "pink tooth brush"!

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

IPANA



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(PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER")
FISHING TACKLE

Thrills You Never Forget

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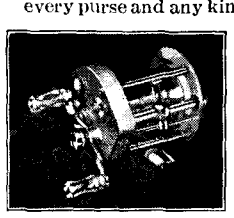

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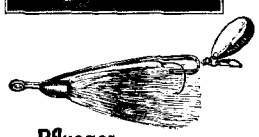

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(Continued from page 43)

"I—disliked the thought of it."

"You dodged. In the war did you run away before a big scene?"

"No," said Holland. "Don't be cruel again."

"I've got to be," said Graziella. "I have to claw and scratch and kick. Every day is a fight—every minute—this is the biggest fight of my life."

"This?"

But Graziella didn't explain. She never explained. She couldn't. She was as she was and people could take her or leave her. She pulled off her hat and let her hair blow. She took off her shoes and stuck her feet out in front of her. The sun poured down. When they came to a town Graziella bought things—a bottle of pop, an apple, an Indian doll.

"It's a katchina," she said, pleased.

HOLLAND paid for the pop, the apple, the katchina, for Graziella had no money. No mirror, no powder, no lipstick. This amused her. With her hair blown back her face looked thin, young, almost pure. But her eyelashes were still outrageous. All this amused her very much. It amused her to hold her katchina and sing to it hoarsely, but it didn't amuse her to stop.

"Keep going," she said feverishly. "Keep going."

"We will have to stop sometime," said Holland.

"Why?"

"Sleep. Food. Rest. Good sense."

"You're English," she said. "You never do anything new. You dress for dinner."

"Don't you?"

"After dressing and undressing all day at the studio? I flop. I get into white silk pajamas and have my dinner on a tray. I play solitaire or I read. I've been reading a book called Moby Dick—about a whale. It's a swell book, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Holland.

At one town she asked for a dollar and sent off a telegram. They stopped that night at Yellow Fork. Graziella with Holland looking over her shoulder registered as "Miss Grace Boone."

"That was me," she said, "when I worked in the stationery and engraving."

They drove for three days and a part of a fourth. They climbed mountains, met storms. They had a blow-out. They lived in the moment. They went hungry. They were hot, cold, sleepy, sleepless, talkative, silent. Neither of them let down an inch. They drove into Salonica late one afternoon through rain and traffic. Salonica was a large town. The Smith Hotel was a big hotel. The lobby of the Smith Hotel had marble squares and an elevator. Its plate glass windows faced the street and looking through a hole in the side curtain of the car, Graziella saw a row of rocking chairs within. Wedged between a rocking chair and a large cigar sat Benny.

"Hello," said Benny, standing up when they came in. "I got your telegram."

"Hello," said Graziella, shaking the wet off her hat. "Meet Mr. Holland."

"I already met him," said Benny bluntly, chewing his cigar. "What's that you got there?"

"It's a katchina," said Graziella.

Benny took the katchina from Graziella, looked at it and handed it back again.

"Let's go up to my room," said Benny.

They went up, in the elevator, to Benny's room. Benny suggested a drink but nobody except Benny wanted one. Finally Benny sat down in an overstuffed chair with his drink and his cigar.

Graziella stood by the door, holding her katchina tight against her. She was thinner than ever. There was mud on her shoes and a run in her stocking. Across her forehead there were two faint lines.

"Benny," she said hoarsely. "Benny—"

Benny glanced up. "Take your time, kid," he said kindly. "Take it easy."

"Well," said Graziella helplessly, inarticulately. She pushed off her hat and ran her hand wildly through her hair. She held her hand over her eyes in her familiar gesture. Benny, keen-eyed, watched her above his cigar, for the kid was good, better than she had ever been. This was real.

"Well—" she said. "You see—I'm nothing, Benny. I'm just a cheap little impostor who has had the breaks. My idea was diamond bracelets up to my elbow. My idea was—" Here she ran down altogether. "But now my idea's different. I've been happy—free—like—like getting out of a prison!"

She stopped. After a while she went on again. "Now my idea is for us—Mr.—Mr. Holland and me—to go back and finish the picture for you, Benny—and then maybe I'll go to London—and maybe to a cottage in Wales—"

"You mean you're through?" said Benny sharply. "That you won't never come back?"

"I guess that's what I mean," said Graziella shakenly.

"Any time these five years you could 'a' had me," said Benny. "And Mamma so glad over you and everything." Suddenly there were tears in his eyes. "But maybe you're right." He stood up. "What do I do now?" he asked vacantly.

"Get out, dear, will you?" said Graziella.

SHE slung an arm around Benny's shoulder. She walked with him to the door. She kissed him and closed the door behind him. For a moment she stood leaning back against the door as she had done so many times for the camera. Then she crossed the room to Holland and put her hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry to bring business into this," she said "but I had to shoot square with Benny. It'll be the last time if—if you—"

Holland said nothing. He stood looking down at the rain and the traffic, with Graziella beside him.

"You don't make it easy for me," she said. "You still hate me, don't you?"

"Some of the time," said Holland.

"How about the rest of the time?"

"I try not to notice the rest of the time. That's why I left."

"Why try not to notice? Why not roll with the knocks? You've spoiled my life for me—everything I planned—everything I hoped to do. Am I kicking? When I was a kid my idea of heaven was a Mary Pickford picture. I'm older than I look. I had a plaid dress and a plaid hair-ribbon. Not that they matched. We had a farm and a mortgage and it ate us up. After a while we died, all but me. I went into a store. Then I worked in a café. I wore an apron and a frilled cap with a black velvet bow on it. Men tried to date me."

"Yes," said Holland.

"But always I've tried to go up from wherever I was. That's what I'm doing now— Once I saw a picture in a store window — old-fashioned — the clothes would give you a laugh—a man and a woman standing close together—his arm around her and her head on his shoulder — 'Wedded' — that was the name of the picture—old-fashioned—funny—but it had love in it."

"YOU'D much better take your hand off my arm," said Holland abruptly. "You'd much better marry Benny."

"Why?"

"Money; security; fame. Everything my mother never had. With me you'd have—none of those things.

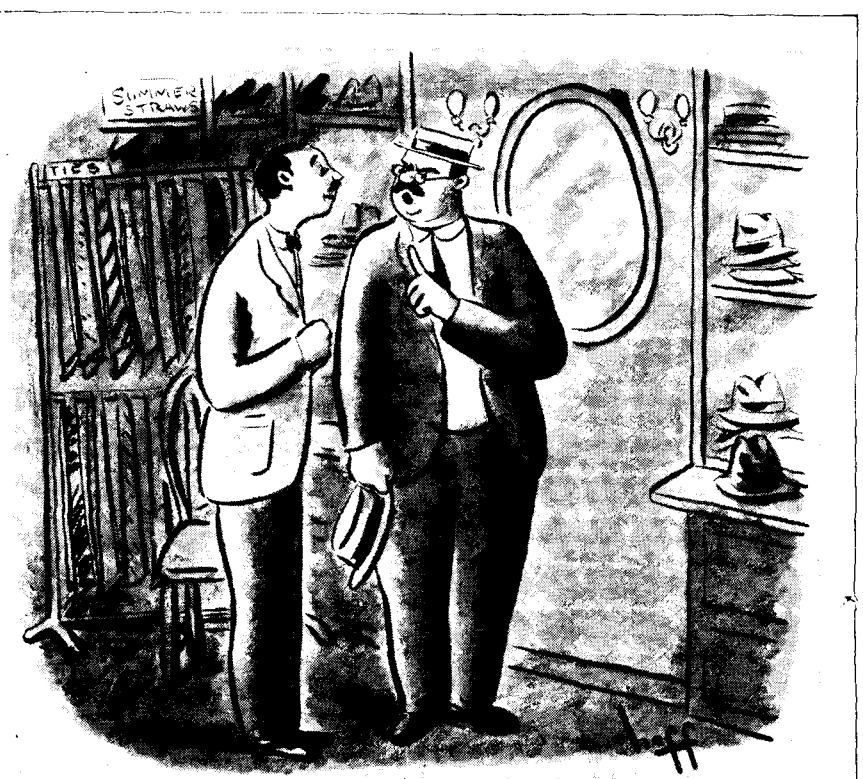
"What would I have?"

"I don't exactly know," said Holland. He glanced down at her hand. He was white. His eyes were brilliant. "Some measure of ecstasy, perhaps. Simple living. Work. Kids, probably. A jealous devil on your hands for life."

"You—jealous?" said Graziella, incredulous, her gray eyes like lamps.

"Jealous as Lucifer. I'm mad about you, my dear—about everything about you—"

Stooping suddenly he kissed her hand. Then turning it over he kissed the palm. His lips were warm. She was crying. She closed her eyes so that the camera might not see. Then she remembered. There wasn't a camera. After a week or so there would never be a camera again. They were alone and together. This was real.



"No flattery now—I'm spoiled enough" *Sydney Hoff*

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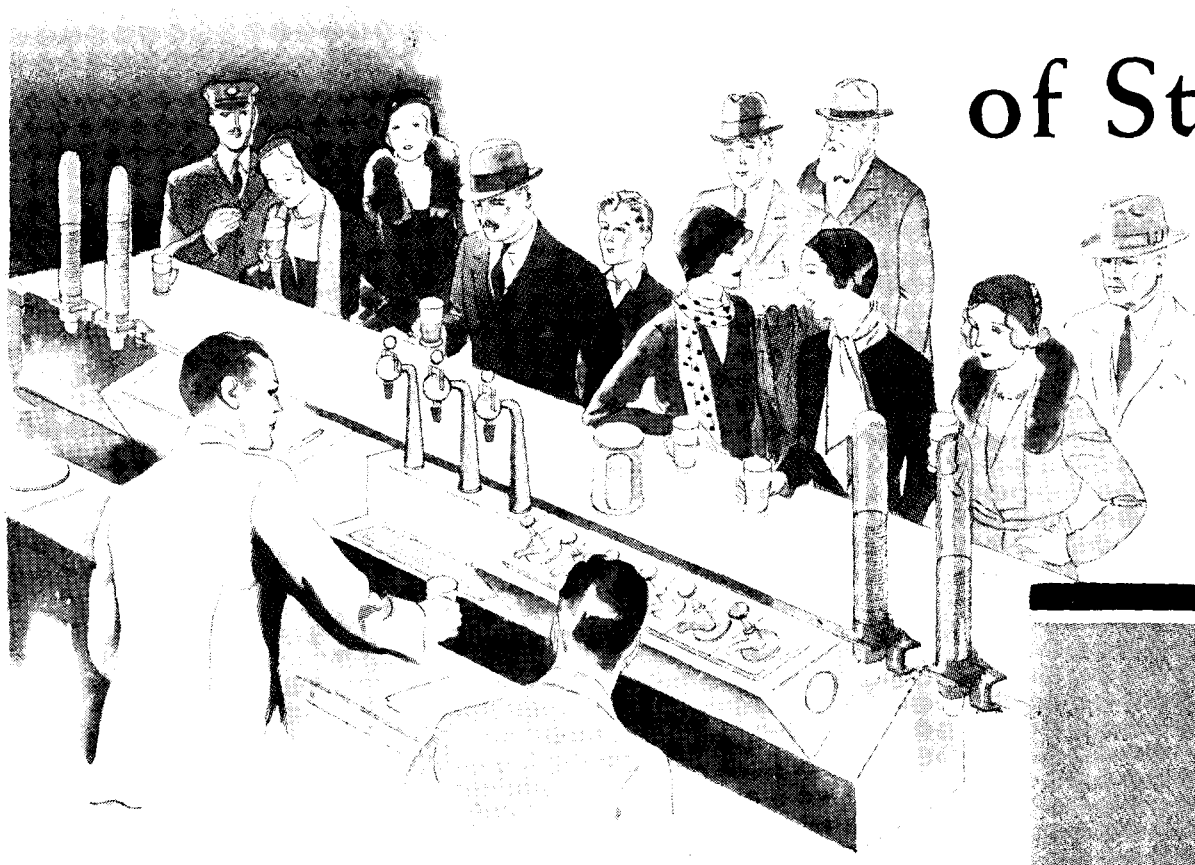
SAFE...from the Noxious Touch of Strangers' Lips



At too many busy soda fountains, crowded with every kind of person, drinking vessels are used again and again. You may risk your health when you drink from these vessels, for lack of time all too often allows them merely a quick rinse in tepid water between usings. Yet everybody knows that only thorough sterilization can remove the tainted kiss of strangers' lips.

That is why the better soda fountains all over the country are serving their drinks in Individual Dixies. For "Individual" is more than a name for Dixies—it is a fact for your protection. Your lips and yours alone touch the Dixie you drink from. Once used it is thrown away.

Dixies, with their smooth sides, rolled brims, and dainty decoration, delight your eyes as well as your lips. They are made in beautiful shades of rose and gold, in addition to the familiar snow-white with blue decoration.

Enjoy the fountains that use Dixies Soda Service. They deserve your patronage for, even at additional expense to themselves, they are protecting you, your friends and your children from the recognized dangers of common drinking vessels. Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc., Original Makers of the Paper Cup, Easton, Pa. In Canada, Individual Cup Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

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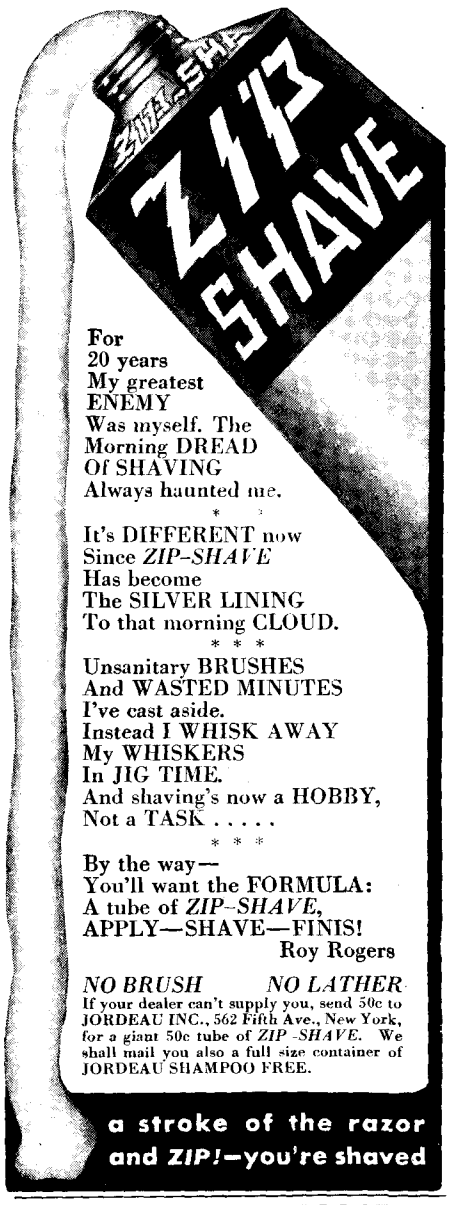

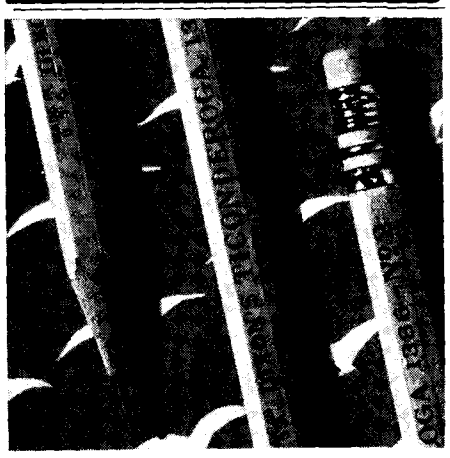

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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 13

"Naturally. I suggest, if you care to undertake it, that in view of the fact that you are an American, and also that you know each other, you should make yourself responsible for her personal safety. She is a good linguist, but she doesn't speak Slavic, and now that her grandfather is ill, she may be lonely. It would be a favor to me, my boy, if you'd act as a sort of liaison officer for me and spend as much time as you can at the palace."

He scribbled something on a card.

"This will admit you at all times both here and at the palace. Well, gentlemen, I must have my little talk to those rascals in the next room."

BRENT put the card in his pocket. Things were getting messier and messier every minute. All the same, if they ever straightened out, his position with the general would be a strong one. A quaint note, though! Asking a girl you met on a steamer to marry you, only to find out that she was a royal princess already engaged to someone else, and then being drafted to help put her and her fiancé on the throne!

He encountered Shepard just outside the War Office.

"Say, Jack!" the correspondent hailed him, "I wonder if I could get an interview with General Kosovo? I understand you are on friendly terms with the old boy—"

"Not a chance! Why not interview Milan or Marko?"

"I would if I could find 'em," answered Shepard. "There's something devilish queer going on. The Moslems are all shouting that they want Marko for their next King. Have you any statement to make?"

"Nothing fit to print."

"Won't you even say whether you favor international marriages?"

Brent looked down upon him through the smoke of his cigarette.

"Of course I do—all kinds! You can, also, quote me to the effect that I am in reality King Stephan's eldest son, that Marko is my step-uncle, and that Milan is the child of Queen Victoria by a former marriage."

"Old Bill" nodded gravely.

"Thanks! How about Mussolini?"

"He's going to create me Duke of Tokar—with a mandate over Albania."

Shepard beckoned Brent into a corner.

"Listen, Jack Brent!" he said, "speaking seriously, it doesn't look so hot for your lady tennis player. I get it straight through the Italian legation that if and when the King dies, Mussolini will land troops to support Milan. There are two cruisers with steam up lying in the harbor of Bari at this moment. They could reach Dravitzona or Tokar in six hours. It would be swell for Mussolini—just the sort of gesture he likes to make. What's more, he'd be entirely within his rights. It would be perfectly proper for Italy to land troops at the request of the lawful sovereign to protect her own nationals. But," he added, eying Brent narrowly, "he can't move until and unless Stephan dies. What do you make of his condition?"

"I had only the merest glimpse of him last evening," replied Brent with disingenuous accuracy. "He looked fairly shaky, but he told me to drop in and see him. I'm going over there later on."

"They won't let you in without an order. The guard turned back that snooping old Papinio, the Italian minister, who rushed right over there after breakfast. He knows everything—before it happens. The dope is that they've got Milan hidden away somewhere near by and that the minute the King dies the cruisers now at Bari will start for the Dalmatian coast."

"Very interesting," said Brent. "Please let me know when it's all going to happen so I won't be caught short."

"Old Bill" eyed his former comrade suspiciously.

"Look here, Jacko," he said. "Your company has a pretty big stake in all this business. It's almost as important for you to know the low-down of what's going on as it is for me. I've got a direct wire to Rome and Paris. Why not pool our information and work together? I've got a room over the Turk's Head Café almost as big as Westminster Abbey. You can share it with me for the trifling sum of one hundred dinars per day and we can eat below stairs for half what it costs you at the Hotel l'Orient. It's a heap more private and the society's better. What do you say?"

"Sounds good to me."

"When'll you be over?"

"Sometime before midnight," answered Brent. "I've got a fairly busy day ahead of me."

Accompanied by a sergeant-major, Brent made a tour of inspection through the palace. The garden in the rear was entirely unguarded, owing, no doubt, to the fact that it abutted upon the parade ground and flying field. Thus the building itself was the citadel's only protection on the northern side of the piazza and could be directly attacked from the rear.

It was obvious to him that it would be impossible to isolate the entire building and that unless servants, sentries and messengers were absolutely prevented from entering the King's apartments, the latter's exact condition would become known as quickly to the outside world as to those in attendance. He therefore on his return arranged with Drintyre that only the doctor and his assistants, the nurses, General Kosovo, Nikola and himself should be admitted to the wing where Stephan lay, and posted a double guard of sentries at every communicating door.

Whatever his actual state of health, Stephan must live, ostensibly at least, until Zeta had been fully garrisoned! So far as outward appearances were concerned, business at the palace must go on as usual. Accordingly, he persuaded Drintyre to order the King's automobile to the gate as if awaiting Stephan's immediate use.

"If it's not too late," he suggested, "you might include in your official bulletin a notice to the effect that His Majesty will hold his usual review of the Household Troops this afternoon at five o'clock. Even if he doesn't, the mere statement will create a favorable impression."

Drintyre laughed. He liked Brent's brusque manner and had already formed a high opinion of his efficiency.

"Right!" he answered.

BY NOON an official bulletin had been posted at the War Office advancing the date of the grand maneuvers by one week and announcing that the review of the Household Troops would be held as usual at five o'clock. No further mutiny was reported and the afternoon passed quietly enough. Stephan's motor continued to wait ostentatiously outside; and at four o'clock the First Tsernagorans came in, having covered forty kilometers since daybreak, and bivouacked on the parade ground where, in the King's absence, "owing to official business," Kosovo reviewed them. With three full regiments inside the citadel they all breathed easier.

About nine o'clock that evening, Brent's attention was attracted by the continued drumming of an airplane over the piazza and, having ascertained that Stephan's condition remained unchanged, he went to the War Office, where he found Kosovo and Drintyre examining a collection of crudely printed leaflets of various colors, in hump-backed Slavic characters.

"This may interest you," remarked the major. "The fellow in that airplane you heard just now has been showering the square with these little billets-doux. He is doing the same thing now over the lower town."

Brent examined them curiously:

ILLYRIANS, ARISE!

Away with Foreign Influence

The plan to put an American on the Illyrian throne must be thwarted by force if necessary.

In smaller type below appeared:

The dastardly attempt of American capitalists to control the Tokar oil fields by inducing the present monarch of Illyria to abdicate the throne in favor of his granddaughter, the child of a morganatic marriage between an American opera singer and the former Prince Dushan, who renounced all his rights, disgusts all honest citizens of this great and free country. The scheme is all the more nauseating for having been forced upon King Stephan through the unscrupulous machinations of this granddaughter's lover, an American oil man named Brent, who is constantly with her at the palace.

ILLYRIANS, ARISE AND STRIKE!

NOW IS THE TIME! DO NOT DELAY!

Another, printed on red paper, read:

PRINCE MARKO, CHOICE OF THE WORKMEN'S AND SOLDIERS' COUNCIL TO SUCCEED KING STEPHAN

DOWN WITH MILAN!

LONG LIVE MARKO!

"Evidently trying for a left and right," commented Drintyre. "They didn't lose much time. Those dodgers must have been printed either in Zara, Zagreb or Belgrade. Anyhow, it was quick work. There was quite a riot about half an hour ago in front of the great mosque in the lower town, between the respective followers of Marko and Milan, but so long as they confine their attentions to each other, it needn't disturb us."

"What damnable libels!" cried Brent furiously. "What do you make of them?"

"What I have rather expected all along. Marko never really fancied the idea of being prince consort and acquiesced in the King's plan merely to gain time and because he saw no way out of it at the moment. Now that Stephan is incapacitated, Sloat has evidently persuaded him to come out in his true colors and attack both Milan and the Princess Stephanie. It's a finish fight!"

Brent crumpled the dodgers in his fist.

"What a filthy crew!"

"Some of 'em are not very nice according to our standards," agreed Drintyre. "Where are you going?"

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"To collect my things at the Hotel l'Orient."

"Better take a platoon with you. Some fanatic who has picked up one of these things might imagine he was doing the public a service if he—"

"Oh, I can carry my own bags," answered Brent shortly and started for the hotel.

WELL, he was in it now, up to the neck, and it was going to be dirty fighting. It made Tampico look like thirty cents. All right! Let them go to it. If he ever met Marko—the whelp would not get off as easily as Milan had! As for Sloat!

It gave him a strange feeling to receive the military salute on every hand, and on entering the hotel he was conscious of being the object of considerable interest. Asking for his key he told the clerk to make out his bill and went upstairs. As he turned from the top step into the corridor Sloat came stumbling towards him.

"Oh, my G-god!" he gibbered. "Oh, my G-god!"

"What's the matter!", demanded Brent roughly. "Have you seen a vampire?"

"Oh, my G-god!" Sloat turned his head and vomited into the corner. Brent left him standing there with his hands against the wall, and ran down the corridor to where the light from Sloat's room fell through the open doorway. In the middle of the floor lay something that had once been Prince Marko.

(To be continued next week)

Pick-Up

Continued from page 24

the finish line and shows me a full yard behind Morris Kirksey of Stanford University, whose speed was equal to my own. The second picture, taken from the same camera-angle, is directly on the finish string and finds me almost a foot in front of Kirksey. I had gained four full feet in fifteen on a runner every bit as fast as myself, simply because he had already used up all of his driving strength, while I had saved something for my final stride.

Other fast starters never become good finishers because they continue too long in their starting form. In order to come out of the holes well, it is necessary to take a series of short, driving steps or "jabs" similar to the force of a motor car in low gear. This is the fastest possible means of covering the ground for a short distance. Maximum speed is soon reached and to go faster we must shift gears. Some sprinters never learn this and stay in "low" clear down the stretch, punching their strength away in short, futile jabs.

The majority of this class form this fatal starting habit at an age when they are too young to be participating in major competition. Our brightest prospects are "burned out." It is true that most of our great sprinters today are hardly old enough to vote. Unfortunately, most of them do not last very long after they can vote. They begin too young and waste their speed before they have acquired their full strength.

Yet the greatest sprinter in the world today, Frank Wykoff of the University of Southern California, started running when he was six years old and he has been at it steadily ever since, breaking records consistently. Wykoff is not really an exception to the rules just mentioned. He has been running a long time but he has not burned himself out, for he learned very early to relax in competition and is seldom forced to extend himself to the limit.

Frankie upset all my theories of sprinting. I took time off to study his form—and discovered there were not three parts to a hundred, as all sprinters had supposed, but four. That portion of the race from ten to forty yards could no longer be designated as part of the start.

The name best describing it, I think, after watching Wykoff run, is "pick-up." I saw him coming out of his starting holes, relaxed and effortless, sometimes a foot or two behind his opponents. Then he was making his great bid from the ten- to the forty-yard mark, driving his feet into the track like twin pistons and plunging forward with a dazzling burst of speed which has revolutionized sprint running.

Strangely enough, Wykoff's legs have always given him trouble. The muscles are flexible and strong, but they have been subjected time and again to injuries. He has been kicked by a horse, and knocked from a high fence, both accidents resulting in broken bones. He has sustained injuries to his thighs and twice has been near death with influenza. He also has undergone several operations, after two of which repeated blood transfusions were found necessary to save his life.

Following each grim accident, doctors and trainers have said he would never be able to run again. Frankie has always managed to come back. Adversity has aided him. Defeats have inspired him. Although he lost out in the 1928 Olympic games after being the favorite, and then suffered a series of set-backs during the season of 1929 because of repeated illnesses, he did not give up. Nineteen-thirty found him faster than ever.

In May of that year he ran a hundred yards in 9⅖ seconds, a new world's record. Later in the year Wykoff once more was clocked in 9⅖ seconds in the National Collegiate championships at Chicago.

Racing Model

Wykoff's running during the past few months, supported by his record since 1928, makes him first in line among the spring candidates of the world to win the Olympic championship in the hundred meters at Los Angeles, right in his own back yard.

The new champion is a fair-haired, clear-eyed, well-developed athlete who does not drink, smoke or swear; who teaches a Sunday-school class in Glendale and who said to the congregation of his church not long ago: "Clean living and right thinking, coupled with hard work, a firm belief in my ability and the stubbornness to keep on fighting against odds are the things which broke the record for me."

The old boys will tell you—the boys who have followed the cinder path all their lives and have seen champions come and go in droves—that other sprinters have succeeded under difficulties, lived clean lives and played the game as best they knew how, and yet never ran the hundred yards in 9⅖ seconds. They will claim that a superlative amount of natural ability, speed, nervous energy and fighting heart were also necessary—and a few of them who really know will add that Frankie Wykoff has run faster officially than any other man who ever lived because he was the first sprinter to master "pick-up," the fourth essential of foot-racing.

"Don't lie to me! Who is he?"

"NO, I'm *not* crazy! You're spending my money to buy shirts for another man. And I can describe him exactly. He's four feet six inches high—got arms a foot long—and a neck the size of my wrist. . . . . What am I driving at? Look at this shirt! It's been laundered only twice and it's shrunk like a wool sock. I tell you, woman, you're either in love with a midget—or you need some expert advice on how to buy shirts."

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Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

No Hits - No Runs

Continued from page 8

days that Andy pitched—a voice that Andy Bowen thought he had long ago shut out of his consciousness, to find it, now he no longer heard it, sounding clearer and with more encouragement than all the rest.

Each time that he went into the pitcher's box these same sensations went through Andy Bowen. . . .

People, looking out from the hospital where Tim O'Keefe lay with his broken ankle, might have observed in the growing dusk several weeks after the shortstop had been brought in, a tall, powerful man slowly walking up and down before the main entrance, as though wrestling with a problem. Suddenly he smote fist on palm and went in through the entrance. The desk nurse looked up to find him standing before her, twisting his hat in his huge hands. On asking him whom he wished to see, he made answer, the words coming from him as though being pried:

"Just . . . passing by . . . and wanted to ask . . . about a man . . . with a broken ankle. . . . A ball player. . . . Named O'Keefe."

On being told that Mr. O'Keefe was doing nicely, the visitor drew in his breath deeply and then blurted: "Just tell him a man was asking after him. Hoped he'd be out soon." And he bolted into the night.

On being told of his inquirer, Shortstop O'Keefe pondered in his bed, then cross-examined the desk nurse as to the visitor's height, the color of his eyes—a dozen questions—and at length gave quick, explosive exclamation:

"Huh!"

After that he lay for a long time staring at the window.

Tim O'Keefe played no more that season, and in the next spring there was a new shortstop on the team. Tim and his ankle had gone to the minors. Andy Bowen breezed them past the batters to the accompaniment of a new voice, one having all the personal quality that Tim O'Keefe's had lacked, yet somehow lacking everything that the fierce little man had put into his impersonal words.

AND then the years and circumstance had their way with Andy Bowen. A new acceptance of the national game had come into being; the era of curtailment of the pitching, of the lively ball, of the deluge of home runs. Andy stood up to it as long as the next, but his speed was not quite what it once had been, his control just a fraction off. Batters, taking toe-holds, instead of hitting his offerings to fielders, began combing them into the stands . . . oftener and oftener.

On the day that he was handed his release, he stood looking about the park before going to the clubhouse, and sights and sounds of years' standing peopled the field like an army of ghosts. Andy Bowen, leaving them . . . Well, it had been a grand life. All the honors that a man—that a premier pitcher—could want, had been his. All . . . with the exception of one. Down the years, dazzling shut-out games—two-hit ones, one-hit ones—but never that final accolade of a game wherein no one reached first base. Never, in all the years that he had gone into the pitcher's box, had he gained the record which had almost been his on that now far-away summer day, when no one had reached first until the last of the ninth.

Far away and long ago. Well, it would never happen now.

"O. K.," said Andy Bowen, and began to walk swiftly.

Baseball was his life. As a free agent, he signed up with one of the minors, in a league of his own choosing. Once more he breezed them in, ex-big leaguer, with enough speed, with enough control. Daily he read the doings of the big league . . . of the minors. If at times, reading of the doings in the minors, he paused a little longer than usual at a name, a person looking over his shoulder might have learned that it was that of one Tim O'Keefe, shortstop, still somewhere whipping a ball across a diamond. For an interval Andy Bowen would look at this name, showing no change of countenance, and then he would go on.

ALL things have their change. The years of toe-hold batting, the deluge of synthetic home runs, began to pall. A public, surfeited with the continual sight of thick-armed young men leisurely trotting around the bases after hitting the rubber-like ball into the nearby stands, muttered for a let-up for something different. It came.

Pitcher Andy Bowen, reading of the new ball that had been adopted in his own old league, sent for one, ran thumb and fingers over it, studied its thicker cover, its raised stitching. He pitched it; breezed it through, worked his change of pace, tried out a curve . . . studied the grip-favoring stitching once more. Went back to the curve . . . day after day . . . the curve, and control . . . and on the face of Andy Bowen there began faintly to glow the look of a man envisaging the possibility of new—and old—horizons.

In mid-season, a big-league scout dropped into town, looking over the new talent.

"Hello, Andy," said the scout.

"Hello, Dave," said Andy.

So the two grinned at each other, Andy and Dave, one-time battery mates, one-time big-league pitcher and catcher.

Dave looked over the new talent. And then:

"Come along with me for a while," said Andy. And, "Come on, Ed," he said to a second-string catcher.

In a corner of the park Andy produced the ball with the raised stitching and thick cover.

"Just wanted to toss a few to Ed, here," said Andy.

Ten minutes later a watching Dave, big-league scout, spat and grunted. His eye roved over the frame of Andy Bowen—a frame that had taken on weight with the years, but a hard, compact weight that told of strict training in season, of life in the open the rest of the year—farm work and tramping afield with gun and dog. A bronzed Andy Bowen, hair now tipped with gray, small crow's-feet about the eyes—eyes that looked out upon the world from slightly drooping lids like ever-wakeful watchdogs.

Scout Dave spat again.

"Sure, that curve's a pip; but . . . they never come back."

Andy held up the ball with the raised stitching.

"This did."

Scout Dave regarded Andy. "Hmm," he said, and it was to be seen that for a moment he was thinking.

"I hear that the team's pitching is all shot," said Andy.

"Maybe," said Dave.

"You might need a relief man, or a coach for the new ones," pursued Andy. Then he stopped. Ever a man of few words, he had had his say. Had made his bid.

"Well, I'll be remembering you," said Dave.

The days went; weeks. Dave had forgotten. Well . . . that was all right.

Then a telegram came to Andy Bowen:

DEAL MADE COME ALONG

SO Andy Bowen returned to the big league where as an unknown prairie youth of twenty he had first made his name. He sat through three games, and in a late inning of the next a harassed, heavy-jowled manager—new since Andy's day—growled at him: "Go ahead and warm up."

In the ninth inning, with the potential tying and winning runs of the enemy on the bases, the manager gave further bark: "If you got anything, go out there and show it."

Out upon the field went Andy—old Andy Bowen—once the premier pitcher of the league. And up in the stands, as the loud-speaker blared his name, there went conflicting ripple.

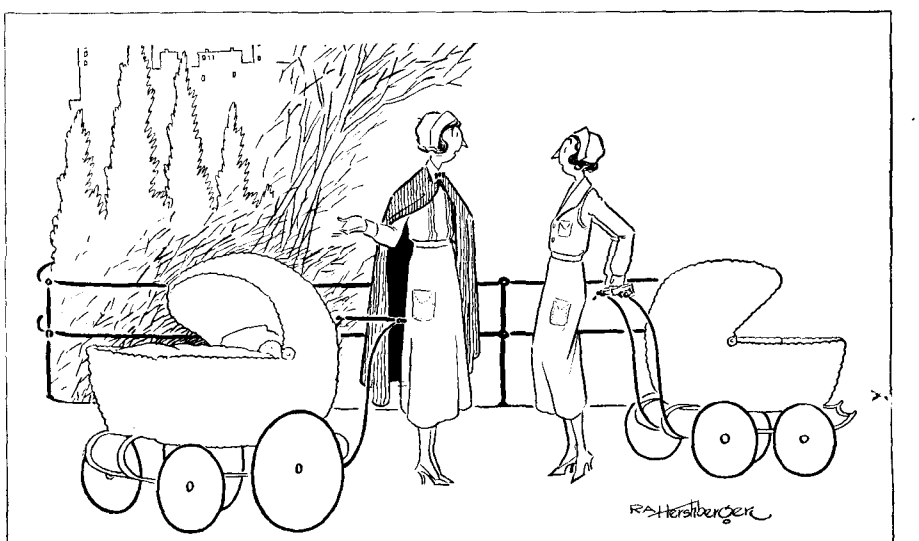
"Who'd they say it was?" demanded some.

"Bowen. Why . . . it's old Andy Bowen," answered others.

"Haw!" said the first ones. "Looks just like a farmer. What's he think he's going to do—pitch hay?"

"Is that so?" came counter. "Well, he was just about the best there ever was, once. He had a fast ball that—"

(Continued on page 50)



"Gee! I'd like to go to that dance tonight but I'm afraid to leave the baby with its mother!"

R. A. Hershberger

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"Nix, mamma, not that—the King!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

	North S. J-10 H. J-10-7-5-2 D. K-2 C. J-10-7-4	
West S. K-Q H. Q-6-4 D. Q-10-8-5 C. Q-6-5-2		*East* S. 9-8-7-6-4-3-2 H. None D. 6-4-3 C. 9-8-3
	South (Dealer) S. A-5 H. A-K-9-8-3 D. A-J-9-7 C. A-K	

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was played at seven tables of Duplicate Contract and was remarkable for two reasons. First, the same final declaration (six Hearts) was reached at every table; and second, at one table a twice-guarded Queen of trumps, held "over" the Ace-King, failed to take a trick.

At three tables South started with the Game-Demand two-Club bid. West passed and North called two Diamonds. After East's pass South bid two No Trumps, intending to bid Hearts on the next round, but North's next response was three Hearts, to show two stoppers.

The three Souths then abandoned their 150 Aces for bigger game and made the rather bold bid of five Hearts. South was more than satisfied to play with Hearts the trump, and the bid of five Hearts was a slam invitation, asking North to bid six if he held any help outside of his previously announced Heart stoppers. North did not hesitate to accept the invitation.

At the other four tables the six-Heart bid was reached either after an original bid of two Hearts (forcing), three Hearts, or three No Trumps.

At every table West doubled. He could not be sure that his Queen of Hearts would prove to be a winner but felt certain of a Spade trick and reasonably confident that one of his three Queen suits would furnish at least one setting trick.

It is probable that with this hand at Auction South would obtain an uncontested No Trump contract.

With North the Declarer at six Hearts doubled, East had no lead but his fourth best Spade, and with South the Declarer West opened with the King of Spades. South won with the Ace and led the King of Hearts to trick 2. When East discarded, the unfortunate division of trumps was disclosed to the Declarer and at six of the seven tables it defeated the contract. Six Declarers decided that they were sure to lose one trick in Hearts and that their only chance for game lay in a successful Diamond finesse; if East held the Queen of Diamonds this finesse would permit North to discard his losing Spade on dummy's Diamond Ace. The Ace of Hearts was led, and North was put in with the King of Diamonds to lead a small Diamond. South played the Jack, and the finesse lost to West's Queen. West then led his Queen of Hearts and King of Spades. All told West won a Spade, a Heart and a Diamond.

The successful Declarer reasoned that before the hands were exposed West could not have been certain of winning a trump trick, therefore his double indicated that he held the unplaced strength in side suits. Trick 1 was won with the Ace of Spades and the Heart Ace led to trick 2. At this table North was the Declarer and the fall of West's Spade Queen on the very first trick marked him with an original King-Queen doubleton in that suit. West therefore had held two Spades, three Hearts, and a total of eight cards in the two minor suits. When West led, no such Spade inference could be drawn.

Declarer further reasoned that since West probably held the Queen of Diamonds, a finesse in that suit would lead to the unnecessary loss of a trick, and that the slam could be made only if West's eight cards in Diamonds and Clubs were evenly divided. To tricks 3 and 4 South led the Ace and King of Clubs; at trick 5 North was put in with the Diamond King, and South won trick 6 with the Diamond Ace. At trick 7 a third Diamond was ruffed by North, and at trick 8 a third Club was ruffed by South. Trick 9 was a ruffed Diamond, and at trick 10 dummy ruffed North's last Club.

West had followed suit on every trick; East's play was immaterial. To trick 11 a second round of Spades was led; West, who had no opportunity to discard, was forced to win with the King. West's remaining cards were the Queen and Six of trumps, North holding the Jack-Ten, and South the King and Nine; so at trick 12 West was forced to lead a trump, and Declarer fulfilled his six-Heart contract.

Since the Declarer had every reason to mark West with the Queen of Diamonds, the successful method of play was safer than the unsuccessful one. The latter method stood to lose two vital tricks if the Diamond finesse failed; by the former, the contract could not be set more than one trick. Even if West's Diamonds and Clubs were not evenly divided West could win but one Heart and one Spade.

Next Week's Hand

North S. 9-6-4 H. 9-7-3 D. J-8-6-2 C. 7-4-2	*East* S. Q-10-7-5-2 H. A-Q-10-5 D. A-5 C. A-6
West S. A H. K-J-8-6-4-2 D. 10-7-3 C. Q-5-3	*South (Dealer)* S. K-J-8-3 H. None D. K-Q-9-4 C. K-J-10-9-8

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No Hits - No Runs

Continued from page 48

"Oh, yeah? Well, once ain't now. That batter will take him for a ride."

The tall, heavy man now standing in the pitcher's box made his preliminary pitches.

"Got nothing," said the voices.

"Umm, maybe," said the others.

The tall, heavy man studied the batter, studied the base-runners . . . pitched.

"Strike!" said the umpire.

"Huh," growled voices. "That guy could have knocked that one a mile. Wait till he sees the one he wants."

"Maybe there was something on the ball," said the others.

"Well, if there was it would have took a microscope to . . . Whoo! Caught that one! Look at it go down the left-field line. What did I tell you! . . . Nope . . . foul. Barely foul. Well, if that didn't look like a home run. . . . Wait till he lands on the next one!"

The tall, heavy man stepped out of the pitcher's box, took off his cap, ran a thumb across his forehead.

"That'd have made anybody sweat!" cackled voices. "Good-by, Grandpa!"

"Tried to fox him with a fast one," explained the others. And added: "If that's all the speed he's got left, good night and . . ."

The tall, heavy man pitched; unleashing himself like some great spring.

An instant's silence. Then a roar:

"Struck him out!"

SO Andy Bowen came back to the big league; and all was as it had been, in the years ago. . . . Not quite all. Missing: a vibrant voice, a small, flaming figure. . . . Tim O'Keefe.

So alive was the remembrance that the returned Andy Bowen half expected to see the small man at every turn. When, one afternoon, while he was crossing the field, he suddenly saw before him the figure of his imagining, for a moment he told himself that his mind was playing strange tricks. Then the figure moved, and Andy Bowen stumbled and almost fell.

Tim O'Keefe, in the flesh. Tim O'Keefe, in baseball uniform, walking across the grass. An older, a lined Tim O'Keefe, and yet a Tim with the same spring of step, the same flaming manner.

Their eyes met. Into those meeting eyes rushed the imprisoned years; rushed, strove to break through . . . failed. Still the hard, mute years. At the instant when recognition, when speech, was quickening on the tongue, had come the silencing, devastating inner warning, "All right. . . . Let him speak first!"

There had been no speaking. Tim O'Keefe went his way. Andy Bowen went his.

Numbly, Andy took his place in the dugout and watched the game begin. Out into the third-base coaching box, when the home team went to bat, stepped a small figure, and began to send out high-pitched, clarion words—and the hair on Andy Bowen's neck went tingling. The past . . . living again!

He stepped into the game the next week. A truck going its smacking way collided with a taxi in which two of the team were riding.

The manager came into the park with his jaw moving sideways in his rage.

"Why the shortstop *and* the utility infielder had to be in that same cab . . ." He rocked on his heels. "Out for the rest of the season. Worst year for hard luck I've ever seen!"

The infield was remade; made and remade again and again; and then the manager, eying Tim O'Keefe, gave him a nod.

"Sure," he said. "You won't be any worse than the others."

Out into shortstop position went Tim O'Keefe, a little jack-in-the-box of a man, and as he went it was as though he took with him a whole new team. A team no faster, no harder-hitting, and yet a team having a something. . . . His fielding of the first practice hit started them off—at full speed he took it and winged it to first, underhand, while at top run; crackling, his words lifted and drove, the old-time tin-can voice cutting across the field; answering, the others' voices came back with fresh note; before practice was over, a second-division team, headed nowhere, told itself that it was on its way.

Firebrand Tim O'Keefe, riding the years.

Andy Bowen, facing the first batter, felt the shivers go up and down his spine as the old, familiar voice began to come in at his back, impersonal as it had always been in the dim past, giving no hint that there was anyone in the pitcher's box, but riding the opposition. . . . And the non-existent Andy Bowen, lifting to heights, struck out the lead-off man on three straight strikes. The next one hit glancingly to second; the third was out on a short fly—sluggers, of a team on its way to a pennant.

By the third inning of that afternoon, the stands were telling themselves that here was a real ball game; by the fifth, and it had dawned upon them that not only was it shut-out ball, but that no one had as yet reached first. The stands began to seethe and bubble.

The bubbling died as the number one man in the sixth connected with the first real smash. Almost out of the park . . . deep center field . . . and the center-fielder, running as neither he nor anyone else knew that he could run, made leap, made backhand catch, rolled, and came up still with the ball.

The stands gave voice. The voice grew as the third baseman gathered in a shoestring liner, became as thunder as the first baseman ended up half-in, half-out of the front row of box seats, high foul tight in glove. Rumble and rumble came the sound of stamping feet. Up and up went the hoarse roar.

BACK came the pennant-contending team in the seventh, needing every game if it were to win, and threw on all its power. Up rose desperation sprinkled with twenty years of craft and courage and met the shock. No one reached first.

The roar was now continuous.

Eighth inning . . . and at its end the stands were pure bedlam.

Ninth inning . . . and words describing that ball park would have had the weakness of water.

One man up. A strike . . . a ball . . . a strike . . . A . . .

Shrieking acclaim. Struck him out!

A pause. A pinch-hitter . . . left-handed. One strike . . . one ball . . . two balls . . . two strikes, called . . . three balls. A . . . the right fielder, skidding on a knee, threw out his gloved hand, had it . . . or did he have it? . . . Had it!

Two gone. Only one more!

Another pinch-hitter, right-handed this time.

A strike . . . a ball . . . a strike . . . a . . .

Even as he pitched, Andy Bowen knew that he had failed. As he made the pitch, as he put everything on the breaking curve, the weight of twenty years of baseball fell upon him. The weight . . . the memory. In that split fraction of a second that it takes memory to go winging back, full in his final wind-up, he saw a far-off summer day. Saw the ninth inning, saw the last batter, saw the last pitch—saw himself, the unknown youth, standing on the threshold of glory . . . saw himself wind up, pitch, and in that last instant lose, by a hair, that fine control. . . .

Even as he lost it now.

Sounded the crack of wood on horsehide.

Out in the shortstop position a small jack-in-the box of a man started running. Started running at the sound of bat on ball; running, as he had throughout that afternoon, like something skimming above the ground. Far over toward second base he went, desperately running, cutting at the same time toward the outfield, and at the very last leaping stride he flung out a hand, half turned and while still at full speed threw blindly, underhand, at the extreme sweep of all his power. . . . Threw and, off balance, went crashing down. Crashed, tried to rise, lay rolling . . .

IT IS said that large men move slowly. Well . . . some don't.

A large man, with hazel-gray eyes that looked out upon the world like watchdogs—a man white beneath his tan—was across that patch of dusty ground, had swung the small, jack-in-the-box figure into his arms, was racing with it across the field. Around him, gathering, growing, mounting, swirled a maelstrom of men gone mad, shrieking in delirium of joy, calling out the name of Andy Bowen.

"You did it—you did it—you did it!"

"Let me through!" cried the large man, deaf as though of stone, "let me through! Ambulance. It's his leg!"

In the ambulance, as its doors closed upon a screeching multitude, Andy Bowen, bending beside the stretcher, met Tim O'Keefe's eyes.

No imprisoned words now. No holding back of the years.

"That ball . . . that ball I pitched," said Andy Bowen—and it was the youth of that far-away summer day who was speaking of that far-away day's last pitch—"that ball didn't have anything on it. No wonder you couldn't hold it and—"

"I should have been over there," said Tim O'Keefe—youthful Tim O'Keefe of years ago, talking of that long-ago hit—"I should have been over there and I'd have got it clean."

In the hospital, while an X-ray picture was being developed, two men in baseball uniforms waited, gripping each other's hands. Men no longer young; men with crow's-feet about their eyes and with gray sprinkling their hair; yet men having about them youth at morningtide.

A doctor entered, negative in hand. He beamed: "No break. Twisted. All right in a week."

It was the small man who had to catch at the large one to keep him from falling.

In baseball's record of perfectly pitched games, one can find the name of Bowen, Andy—the date, the game . . . No hits, no runs, no one reaching first base.

From the same date, but not to be found in any record book, stand linked two names . . . Andy Bowen—Tim O'Keefe.

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The Gracious Lady

Continued from page 23

And as the music ceased, she gave his fingers a quick pressure.

"The oysters have come and gone," she said. "And I'm hungry."

Jinny was at his left, and on his right sat old Mrs. Caldwell. Dean mentally shrugged. Well, he was a last-minute addition to the party, and he couldn't complain that he had drawn Mrs. Caldwell. After all, he had also drawn Jinny.

Mrs. Caldwell was bringing to gustation a noisy enjoyment of her soup that forbade interference. And Jinny was claimed instantly by Sam Dearborn at her left. So, until the lady on his right chose to recognize him, Dean occupied himself with his thoughts. But finally Mrs. Caldwell laid down her spoon and turned to him.

Her black eyes, surprisingly youthful in her wrinkled countenance, pierced him through, he felt. He prepared for some shocking impertinence, for Mrs. Caldwell was of that school which is so conscious of its own gentility that it never bothers to practice it. She knew, she frequently said, that she ate noisily, but everyone knew that Mrs. Cadwalader Caldwell could eat quietly if she chose, so why not enjoy herself?

"So you're Dean Resolve," she began.

"The name has not been changed since we last sat beside each other," he replied.

The black eyes twinkled coldly.

"So, Rita Clayborne is here tonight, eh? And you haven't married her yet? Well, somehow I think she's too nice to do a thing like that to you."

Dean put down his fork.

"Has anyone ever bothered to tell you, Mrs. Caldwell, that you are probably the rudest person in the world?"

She chuckled delightedly.

"Knew you had spirit. Do you know, I almost think you're nice enough for Rita."

He stared at her, uncomprehending. She grinned maliciously.

"Wondered if you really understood what you were doing. I see that you do. You know that gossip will surround you for years to come, don't you? And still you're going to marry Rita. Well, bless your heart! She's quite the nicest young woman I've ever known. Too nice to be thrown away on a man who wouldn't appreciate her. Why don't you run over and talk to her?"

"The idea," Dean said, laughing, "commends itself to me."

FOR the second time he threaded his way through the tables to where Rita sat. She rose as he approached and in a moment they were upon the dance floor.

They had not often danced together, and the last time was so far in the past that Dean had almost forgotten her perfect rhythm. He held her, possibly, a shade closer than the dance required, and as she relaxed in his arms the faintest sigh was audible to his eager ears.

"Dearest," he murmured.

"Dean," she whispered.

Then, to his surprise, her body grew rigid and he felt constraint between them.

"Do you mind—if we don't dance?" she asked.

She stopped, without waiting for his assent, and his arms reluctantly relinquished her. She started instantly for the table which they had just left and, feeling *gauche*, embarrassed, he followed her. Reynolds was not at the table.

"Sit down, Dean," she said.

Silently he took the chair that the lawyer had vacated. Words that he had thought would pour from his lips when once he was alone with Rita failed to come to him. He waited for her to speak.

"You're angry with me."

He shook his head.

"You know better, my love," he told her. "Hurt, perhaps, but never angry."

"But I had to think," she said.

"Fifteen days is a long time to devote to thought, isn't it?" he asked. "I mean, I might have aided you in your thinking—"

"But I didn't want aid," she said. "Sometimes we have to make up our own minds."

"To what?" he asked.

"About—us," she answered.

"But we love each other," he protested. "And, Rita, is it kind to hurt the one you love? But it doesn't matter. Forgive me if I let you know. You're here. I'm here. I won't talk about the past two weeks. I'll never mention them again. Now that you've returned—where have you been, Rita?"

"Here. In New York," she replied.

He forgot, as he had in the very moment of its utterance, his promise not to mention the past two weeks.

"Oh, Rita!" There was something akin to dismay in his voice. That she could have been in New York, in the same city with him, and not have let him hear from her. . . .

"I WENT to the Ardmore. I didn't use my own name. I haven't been out—anywhere—until tonight. Then, Curry Reynolds insisted on talking matters over with me. You see, Sam's lawyers got in touch with him."

Dean stiffened.

"Clayborne's lawyers? But what—"

She glanced away from his searching eyes.

"Sam made a will the day after I got my divorce," she said.

"Well?"

Beneath his glance she colored faintly.

"I—had merely asked for a divorce, as you know. I—I had refused to demand any—alimony."

"Of course," he said.

Now she lifted her eyes to his, and in their brown depths he seemed to see that boldness into which frankness can sometimes turn.

"His will," she went on, "left everything to me, his divorced wife, on condition that I did not marry you. Twelve millions, Mr. Reynolds says, even in the present condition of the market."

"And what the devil," he brusquely demanded, "do you or I care about the condition of the market, or about Clayborne's twelve millions? When did Reynolds tell you this?"

"Ten days ago," she replied.

"How did he know where you were?"

"I telephoned him. I—wanted to see, naturally, that funeral arrangements—I told him where I was. A few days later he rang me up, insisted on seeing me, and told me—about the will."

"You've been seeing Reynolds. But you couldn't see me."

"I saw him on business," she said.

"Business? What business can interest you? You're my promised wife. Clayborne's money has nothing to do with you."

"Unless I choose," she said softly.

"Unless—you—*choose?* But, Rita, there's no possible choice. We're to be married. That sends Clayborne's money right out of the picture."

"Twelve millions," she said, almost inaudibly.

(Continued on page 52)

These AUTHORITIES advise you to beware of RUST in the HOME

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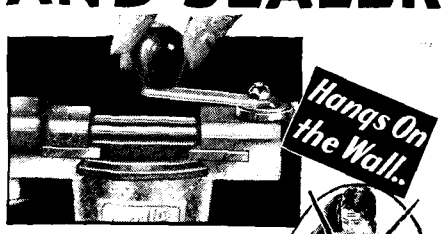

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Street.....

City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

(Continued from page 51)

His eyes, that had been almost cold, blazed into wrath.

"Is *that* what you've been thinking about?" he demanded.

Her eyes wandered from his for a moment, then returned.

"It's a decision that must be made," she said.

"Must it? Then make it. Marry me tomorrow, and—" The anger left his eyes, as a bewildered incredulity replaced it. "Rita! Good Lord, Rita, you can't want me to think that you've been debating this thing? You can't want me to believe that any amount of money could possibly make the slightest difference—"

"Money is important."

"Important? But, Rita, I have enough."

"Are you sure? Suppose that Rensaler Place property didn't turn out as you hope? Suppose you had to pay Jinny Carpenter her money?"

"RITA, it isn't you who are saying these things! It can't be you, Rita, what's happened to you? Two weeks ago we had our license—we were waiting for the minister. Don't ask me to believe, Rita, that you, who never cared for money, care for it now."

"I never had any," she said. "I mean, a fortune. I don't care for money, Dean. But I care for security."

"And are you suddenly afraid that I can't give you that?"

"Not afraid. But—Sam's will makes me certain of security. Of more than security."

"At a price," he said. "Or is it," he went on bitterly, "a price at all? Am I setting too high a value on myself? I must be. Certainly, I'd be vain if I thought myself worth twelve millions. Ten thousand, perhaps, a hundred thousand maybe—but not millions."

He eyed her, disbelief in his expression.

"Of course, you don't mean a word of what you're saying, Rita. You're simply trying to make me understand how much you give up when you choose me. But—I don't like that, Rita. It's not like you. To let me know, even by a hint, that there is sacrifice in choosing me. I'd rather think that nothing weighed as against me. As nothing, in all this wide world, could weigh as against you, Rita, my own. But let's forget that you ever mentioned it. Just once tell me that you haven't meant any of it."

"I wish I could, Dean."

"You wish you could? Are you telling me, Rita, that, after all, you have decided that you don't love me?"

"You know I love you," she protested.

"But you love Clayborne's money more? Is that it?"

"Must you put it so—crudely?" she asked. "After all, Dean, you haven't heard all of his will. If I marry you, his fortune is to go to a society to be formed whose object is to promote the cause of prohibition."

"This from a racketeer," he jeered. "And I suppose, because you think prohibition is an evil, that forces you to accept the money."

"It has weighed in my decision," she admitted.

His jeer was an open sneer now.

"And I must be polite and express my belief in that statement, eh?"

"Need we quarrel?" she asked.

"Quarrel? I quarrel only with people I respect," he cried. "I ignore others—or strike them. And I can't strike you, a woman, can I?"

"So you'll ignore me?" she asked.

"What would you think?" he retorted. "The woman I love—the woman—and this should make the gods laugh—that I called my Gracious Lady—chooses money instead of love. And in the moment of her choice protests she still loves me. I wonder, Rita, if you have ever known what you have meant to me?

"You were another man's wife, and I would as soon desecrate an altar as a home. Not until I knew you didn't love Clayborne, that he'd treated you vilely, did I let you know I cared. And I was never able to believe that God had been so generous to me as to let you also care for me. Well, I was something of an ass ever to believe in that generosity, wasn't I? For all the time my goddess—and Rita, if ever a man worshiped a woman, adored her. I was the man and you were the woman—all the time my goddess was simply looking upon me as something slightly more desirable than that which she had already.

"And I thought you were so blinded with passion for me—as I was for you—that your eyes could see nothing in the world save myself, that your ears could hear no sound save my voice. Now I understand things. I understand your refusal to get the divorce when it looked as though Resolve and Company would go into bankruptcy. Not fear lest Clayborne ruin me, but fear lest you be ruined with me, tied to a bankrupt. And I put your action down to that chivalry which so became my Gracious Lady.

"My Gracious Lady!" He laughed. "Tied to a man who was none too generous, a man worth the modest million or so that you thought I possessed was preferable. Until it seemed I had lost that million! Then, out of professed concern for me, for my mother and father, you postponed leaving your husband. Then again, when a friend saved Resolve and Company, you were ready to leave Clayborne again, did leave him."

White of face, all trace of color having left the marble of her skin, she looked at him. As he paused, breathless from his bitter speech, she spoke.

"Finish it, Dean," she said softly.

"It won't take long," he said. "You left Clayborne. I had my million. Then—the choice arose between what I had and a dozen times that amount—not forgetting the increase when the market improves," he put in a sardonic parenthesis. "That love was placed upon my side of the scales didn't matter. Love, after all—what could it weigh? Ten or twenty dollars?"

"I think," she said, "you'd better leave me, Dean."

"I think I had," he said. "Forever!"

He rose from his chair, and turned abruptly away, colliding with Curry Reynolds.

"Sorry to have left you. Important phone call," began the lawyer.

"I suppose Clayborne's lawyers must know Mrs. Clayborne's decision," said Dean. "Or rather, that sight of me has in no way affected that decision."

He pushed by the open-mouthed lawyer and could not hear Rita murmur to Reynolds.

"Please—please take me home," she said.

THE lawyer stared down at her. His eyes were pitying.

"You did it, Mrs. Clayborne?"

"I told him," she said drearily, "that I preferred money to him. I—I—" she fought against the sob in her voice. "Curry, I've thought it all over, battled it out with myself. He—he would want children. So would I. Could I give Dean Resolve's children a mother who had been involved in scandal, who had been mentioned in a murder?"

"That is ridiculous, absurd, wickedly foolish," he stated.

"You've told me that before," she sighed. "I wanted to believe it, but—I can't. And so—loving him, Curry, I hurt him. So that he'd go away. So that he'd not care for me any more—so that—he'd hate me. Now—take me home," she said again.

Jinny was dancing with Sam Dearborn when Dean reached the Pennington table, and Mrs. Caldwell was engrossed in conversation with the man on her right.

Dean had drunk a third of the contents of his flask when Jinny returned to the table. She took a quick glance at his high color, looked at his nearly empty glass, at her own, and the visibly depleted flask. Her blue eyes clouded.

"Dean, dear," she said softly, "do you think that's wise?"

He looked at her, knowing instantly what she meant.

"I'm understanding life, Jinny, my precious," he said. "I know why people have abandoned their gods, at last. Their god promises them something, and they deny themselves pleasures to propitiate the gods. Then they find that the voice of the god is human, that the idol's feet are of clay, that they've been tricked. Jinny, suppose you adored someone. Suppose your life was something just to give to that person. And suppose that person chucked you over for a few dollars—well, I went on the wagon a while ago because a woman—because Rita wanted me to. And I'm going off the wagon—I'm going to disgrace myself like—"

"Like a coward," she cried.

HE PUT down the highball glass that had been halfway to his lips.

"A coward?"

"Who can't take a beating—oh, Dean, what has Rita done?"

"Done? Clayborne left her all his money, it seems, on condition that she doesn't marry me—and your old friend Dean Resolve will remain a bachelor, Jinny, my love."

"She wouldn't," the girl cried.

"Oh, but wouldn't she?" jeered Dean. "Hasn't she been telling me so in words of one syllable for the past half hour? She made it as clear as ever anything was made to any man. I'm a nice young fellow, but twelve million—and twice as much, Jinny, my sweet, when the market climbs again—is twelve million. While I am merely a nice young fellow."

He gulped his drink.

"Dean," said the girl, "you stopped drinking for Rita. You wouldn't stop again for me, would you?"

He put the glass down.

"You know I would, Jinny. You know that—that I never want to drink. That I'm just so damned miserable—"

"We could slip out and no one would ever notice," she said. "Just get up, pretend to dance—and leave."

They did as she suggested, but as they started off in a taxi, Jinny countermanded the order Dean had given to be driven to her home.

"Around the Park once first, driver," she said. Then, she spoke to Dean: "Rita hasn't really refused to marry you, has she?"

"Why not?" he demanded bitterly. "Have you ever seen twelve million dollars, Jinny?"

"Oh, Dean—don't be—like this. Please—Dean, Rita isn't that kind."

"No? The evidence would seem to be all the other way," he said.

"But faith disregards evidence," she said.

"But only a living faith can do that," he countered. "A faith that is dead and buried, that can never be resurrected—oh, Jinny, don't talk to me of her. Don't ever—ever—"

His words ended in a sob. For a moment Jinny feared that he would give way to tears. But even as he conquered his emotion and essayed a smile, Rita Clayborne, his Gracious Lady, in her apartment at the Ardmore, lying face down upon her bed, sobbed as she had never done in all her life before.

(To be continued next week)

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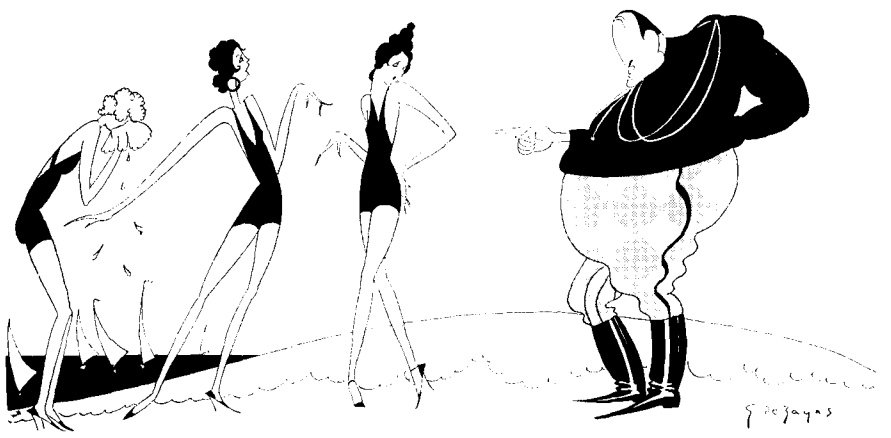


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

European trends: Italy has banned all beauty contests; Portugal—through overproduction—is selling wine as low as 3 cents a quart; and the Paris fire department is taking movies of all conflagrations for the study and possible improvement of present fire-fighting methods.

Professional money lenders in some parts of the United States today can demand as much as 126 per cent interest within 12 months—and still be within the law.—*By C. K. Coit, Jr., Clearwater, Florida.*

A quarter of an inch of lead will stop X-rays, four inches of lead will stop the gamma rays of radium, but 30 feet of lead are required to stop cosmic rays, the most penetrating known to man.

The great lake of natural pitch in Trinidad, British West Indies, which supplies most of the world's asphalt, contains—despite its warmth, softness and bubbling center—many islands with vegetation and pools filled with fish.

Astronomers estimate that at least 15,000,000 shooting stars appear in the heavens every 24 hours.—*By Goff Buxton, Rutland, Vermont.*

One of the longest and costliest mending jobs on record now is being done on the famous tapestries of Hampton Court Palace near London. This work has been going on for 20 years, and one of the pieces still to be repaired will require four men for three years at a cost of about $25,000.

The Dutch Government has never allowed a missionary of any creed on Bali, that enchanted isle in the Java Sea, which is today one of the last spots on earth where everyone is natural, carefree and serene.

Scientific developments: A "knock-out" revolver that shoots a violent air-shock which does not wound but renders a man senseless for several minutes.

American ocular surgeons now can successfully restore color to human eyes and French beauty doctors are grafting long and luxuriant eyelashes on women's eyelids. Both operations are done under a local anæsthetic.

Using chemicals, scientists have been able to produce artificial growths, like fungi and water weeds, that are difficult to distinguish from living plants in appearance and action. These growths even imitate such functions of life as the ingestion of food, metabolism and the excretion of waste matter.

Hunan Province, China, offers a good example of Nanking's inability to maintain law and order. Hunan, the size of Idaho, has about 400,000 bandits, and one of its cities, Iyang, has changed hands between gangs about 70 times in a recent 12 months' period.

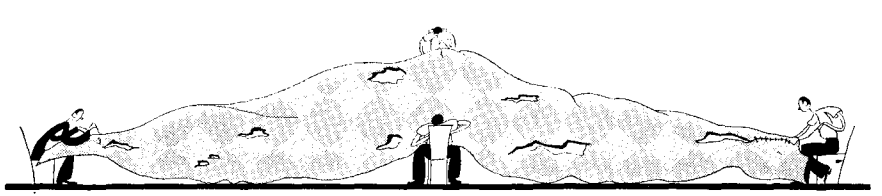
Russia's new Briz (Bureau for Realizing Workers' Inventions) enrolled 400,000 worker-inventors in the past 12 months and today is able to demand consideration for thousands of devices to which no attention had been paid in the past by the Soviet industrial executives.

Australia's bulldog ant likes to fight so much that even when it is cut in half a battle begins between the head and the tail. The head seizes the tail in its teeth and the tail fights back by stinging the head.—*By C. M. Mitchell, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.*

America and Great Britain use commas to separate whole numbers and the period to designate the decimal. Europe has the opposite custom. A number written 6,374,421.62 in the United States and England is written 6.374.421,62 on the Continent.—*By John Schmid, Chicago, Illinois.*

Although for years plays, movies and novels have used it in their plots, there is no such thing—in real life—as a silencer for revolvers.—*By F. E. Berry, Jr., Boston, Massachusetts.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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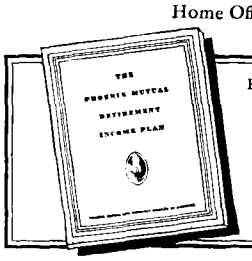

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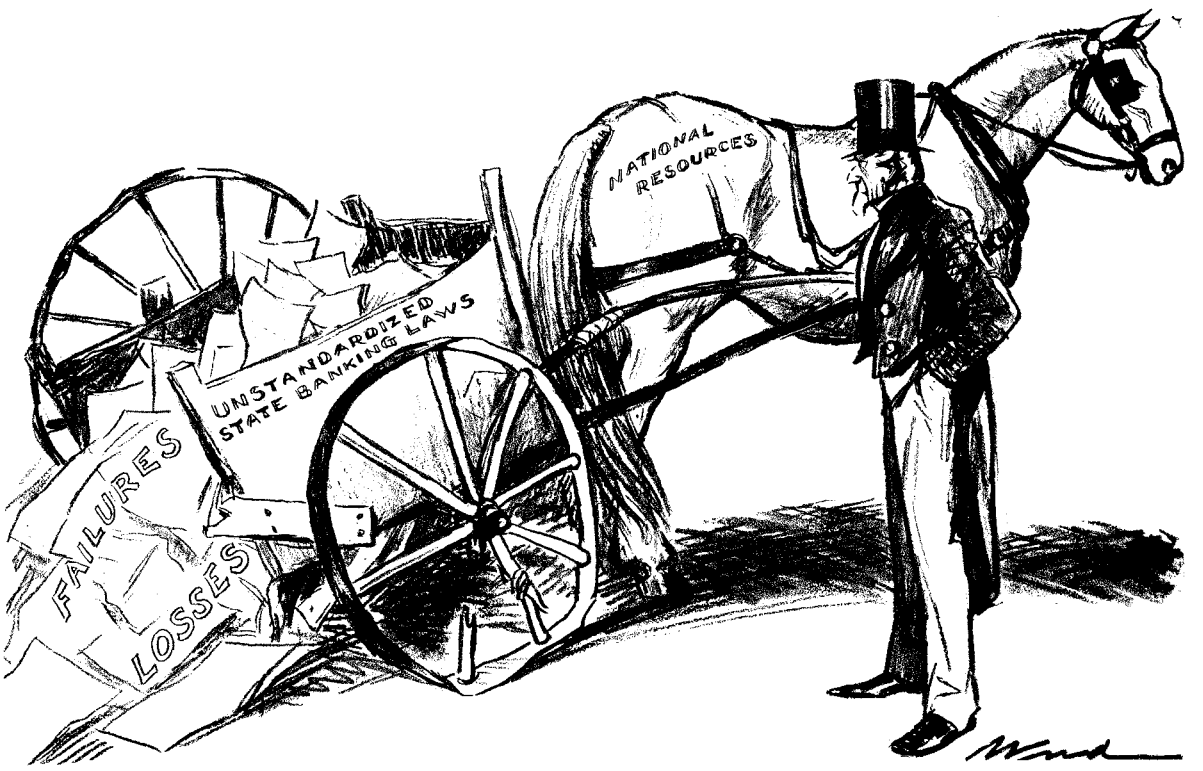
Something to Bank on



THERE were no bank failures in England last year. This country was not so fortunate.

Yet business conditions in Great Britain were far worse than anything we experienced. Unemployment was more widespread, trade was less, the gold standard had to be temporarily abandoned, the Bank of England borrowed money abroad for governmental purposes, a national government had to be created to meet the national emergency, but still the commercial banks of the nation were able to endure the strain.

Better still, the British banks came through the ordeal of 1931 with sound profits and dividends only slightly reduced from the levels paid in prosperous years.

British banks are organized with numerous branches and far-flung overseas systems and connections. Six great institutions with headquarters in London dominate the field. The smallest dividend paid by one of these banking groups was 13⅓ per cent. The highest was 18 per cent. None lowered its dividend rate by more than 2 per cent. One huge system made no reduction at all.

How did it happen that Great Britain was able to go through the depression without bank failures while we, a far richer nation, had so many? As a people certainly we are not less intelligent than the British.

The answer is doubtless to be found both in the laws and in the traditions which control banking here and in England. There both law and business developments have fostered the growth of large banking combinations. Tradition has insisted upon conservative practice.

The British banks maintain dividends on a modest scale during prosperous years. They have built up vast reserves against emergencies, reserves not always disclosed in their statements. They have been prudent in the management of their profits. So they weathered the storm.

We of course have separate banking laws in each of the forty-eight states. We also have national banking statutes. Our control of national banking and especially our Federal Reserve System is unquestionably as competent as that of any other nation.

Neither Federal nor state statutes generally—there are exceptions—have, however, favored the development of great branch systems. Banking in some states has been subjected to few restrictions and little competent supervision or inspection.

Other states have, of course, built up excellent laws, sound inspection and conservative banking customs. The mutual savings banks organized under the New York law have been impregnable. A few other states have equally good laws. Many, however, have permitted almost any individual or corporation to get a banking license regardless of competence to manage wisely and profitably the funds deposited.

During recent months, consequently, bankers have been the targets of anger and abuse. Some of them have deserved whatever punishment was inflicted upon them. We won't really have learned what we could have learned from our losses if we permit the matter to stop with the punishment or the elimination of the guilty or the unfit.

Collier's has received many letters condemning the management of savings banks in states which, as a matter of record, had no saving banks. Weak laws or no laws permitted private banks or commercial banks to advertise savings departments. We pay for this neglect. The remedy, obviously, is to pass laws which establish rational standards and then to create technically efficient supervision.

During the months ahead we shall continue to hear the echoes of our failure to establish a wise legal basis for banking. The losses experienced by depositors will breed a rank crop of legislative and congressional proposals.

The half-lunatic suggestions of the old Greenback and Populist era are already being revived. They won't be adopted but argument over them will consume time and energy which can be better used.

Simple-minded proposals for issuing paper money, such as that of Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, are possible only because people are hurt and want a remedy. If a trained doctor is not available, any quack can find a following. In politics nature abhors a vacuum, and if informed men are silent or inactive, fools can be relied upon to speak.

The intelligent and honest men in the banking profession should therefore lead the way. They know how to devise banking systems which will serve the American people as well and as safely as do the British banks.

We can't achieve by neglect the magnificent record of no bank failures during the year of greatest economic stress since Napoleon. If we want safe banks we must express our will in rational laws.

Laws alone won't save us. Laws are useless unless they are enforced and obeyed.

Banking laws can be effectually administered only by those expert in banking. State bank inspectors cannot be chosen on political grounds if they are to serve the public.

Given sensible laws and intelligent supervision, conservative management will naturally be built up. States which honestly and wisely have regulated savings banks and insurance companies have shown what can be done.

The opportunity is enormous and inviting. Think of the difference to us and to our prosperity if at the end of such a year as 1931 we could have said that not a single American bank had been compelled to close its doors.

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It starts with Williams Shaving Cream. Unscrew the cap from the plump tube—ribbon the snowy cream out onto your brush—cover your beard with that mild and moist Williams Lather. "Well lathered *is* half shaved" your razor agrees as it blithely skims along. Rinse off the last flecks of lather—your face is clean, clear, fit. And comfortable. No dye—no parching, free alkali—in Williams Shaving Cream. No grease, either, to clog the pores or dull the blade.

Then thrill to the bracy tingle of Aqua Velva. Dash it generously over your still-moist skin. It wakes up sleepy tissues—helps to care for unseen abrasions—*keeps* your face as fit all day as that luxury lather leaves it.

Williams! Men by the thousands are swinging over to it. Williams! The swing-around-and-meet-prosperity way to face-fitness. No substitutes for them.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

SHAVING CREAM——AQUA VELVA

MAIL THIS: *It will show you the way to Face-Fitness*

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. C-260, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick Street, Montreal

I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

NAME ..... STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

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She smokes FRESH cigarettes

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WHEN you buy Camels you get *fresh* cigarettes. That's why women particularly prefer them.

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Made of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture.

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The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

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"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

Camel Quarter Hour—Columbia Broadcasting System

Prince Albert Quarter Hour—National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

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